

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life of Judge Jeffreys, sometime Lord High Chancellor of England.
By HUMPHRY W. WOOLRYCH. 8vo. pp. 456. London, 1827. Colburn.

JUDGE JEFFREYS was one of those men who owe their celebrity, though not their fortune, to the circumstances of the times. He possessed a natural acuteness and talent for succeeding in the business of life, a persevering and determined spirit, fitted to overcome the usual obstacles of ambition; but his intellect was neither enlarged nor powerful, nor his acquirements such as would have handed his name down to posterity, with either one character or the other, had not the times in which he lived, and the persons he was associated with, been so well calculated to draw him into notice. His first successes in public life were owing to a set of mean artifices, which would have secured the promotion of a man of even much less talent than himself, and his subsequent course was not that of a proud and ambitious spirit, conquering, by its energies, an unpropitious fortune, but that of one who mistrusts his ability, and is ever ready to calm the waters of life, by throwing in the oil of a cunning and artful disposition. It would have required a knowledge of but few passages in the history of this man to judge, *a priori*, what would be his conduct when invested with uncontrolled authority. There is as great a variety in the desire of power, as there is in the exercise of it, and we may easily tell by the nature of the one, or by the feelings with which it is connected, what will be the character of the other. Unfortunately for the reputation of Jeffreys, none of those excuses can be pleaded in his favour, which sometimes lessen our abhorrence of others who have exercised similar cruelties. He was neither bigotted against the religion of his victims, nor devoted in his heart to the monarch whom he served. And let us consider his conduct in the most indulgent manner we are able, we shall still be obliged to attribute it to a mixture of natural ferociousness with the desire of gain. The only point in the character of Jeffreys, on which the mind can rest with interest, is the skilful manner in which he conducted causes in which his own personal fortunes were not concerned. In these he displayed a quickness and penetration of mind, which, had they always been employed on the side of justice, would have secured him respect and reputation. But to commence with Mr. Woolrych's narrative, which, although intended to remove some of the popular prejudices against the chancellor's character, is drawn up with strict impartiality and truth; we are able to say, that we have sel-

dom seen a better piece of historical biography than the Memoirs of Jeffreys, and we shall proceed to give our readers such extracts as may enable them to judge of his character as here delineated. The following describes his early situation in life:—

‘George, who, were we writing romance, would be called the hero of these pages, showed very early that prompt address and activity which were the causes of his rising: he was always striving for the mastery over his young companions; and, although he inherited no ambition from his parents, he was indebted to their diligence for the improvement of his enterprising parts.

‘When yet very young, he was sent to the free-school at Shrewsbury, where he remained some time, we are told, not without credit; and on his leaving that place, it appears to have been the wish of his father that he should have settled to some trade, for he had already evinced proofs of a disposition far from tractable. This sober career, however, would have been a sad check to the untameable spirit of Jeffreys: no fatherly admonitions would, probably, have hindered him from becoming the idle apprentice; and he certainly possessed talents and propensities, which, had he been kept in an inferior station, might have procured him his quietus in those turbulent times much sooner than the ambitious bearing of his elevated fortunes. It seems as though his mind was instinctively bent upon aggrandisement; and he was so fortunate as to discover, youthful as he was, the importance of learning and information: he is, therefore, described as being addicted to study; so it was determined to give him the benefit of a superior education at St. Paul's free-school. Here he acquired a fair proficiency in the learned languages; and he imbibed also in this place that fondness for the profession of the law, which led him to fix on it as his future destiny. He afterwards went to Westminster School, then under the care of Dr. Busby, whose rod bears as high a character as his learning. Of his improvement here we have no account; but many years afterwards he showed that he had not forgotten his old school-master, nor the knowledge of grammar he had acquired. On the trial of Rosewell, the dissenting minister, there was a little conversation about the relative and the antecedent on an objection taken to the indictment; and Jeffreys, the chief justice, referring to a treasonable sentence charged to have been delivered by the prisoner from his pulpit, said—“I think it must be taken to be an entire speech, and you lay it in the indictment to be so, and then the relative must go to the last antecedent, or else Dr. Busby (that so long ruled in Westminster school,) taught me quite wrong; and who had tried most of the grammars extant, and used to lay down that as a positive rule, that the relative must refer to the next antecedent.”

‘His desire for forensic debate was, however, very far from being agreeable at home: often

and earnestly was he intreated by his father to desist from a pursuit which savoured too much of ambition to please a retired country gentleman; and when all dissuasions were found to be unavailable, the signal of yielding to his wishes was a gentle pat upon the back, accompanied by these words: “Ah, George, George, I fear thou wilt die with thy shoes and stockings on.” Surely the prophecy would have been accomplished, but for the chancellor's sudden death in the Tower. Some have said, that this legal impulse arose from a dream which the ambitious boy had whilst at this school. The substance of it was, that “he should be the chief scholar there, and should afterwards enrich himself by study and industry, and that he should come to be the second man in the kingdom; but, in conclusion, should fall into great disgrace and misery.” This he told, when he came to the chancellorship: never imagining that the last part of it could possibly befall him. But whatever might have been his vapourings after his elevation, a much more probable reason may be assigned for his decision.

‘The profits of the law were greatly diminished during the broils of the civil wars, and the steady careful times of the Commonwealth; but no sooner had the new system of things been established, than the business of the counsellors revived: they began to set up their equipages, and to make a splendid show of the improved fortune which had befallen them; and this, doubtless, excited a youth who was never backward to discover the bright side of human life; and who, being without an estate himself, was thus stimulated by the hopes of acquiring one.

‘With all his constancy, Jeffreys needed one essential towards the prosecution of that pursuit which he had marked out for himself, and that was the main spring and engine of all human action—money. His father, encumbered with a large family, could scarcely have afforded assistance to his younger son, had he conformed himself to the manners of his home; much less would he create the means to promote an end so hostile to his feelings. And, perhaps, it had been happy for the state prisoners of after-times, if this aspiring youngster had been without another relation:—but it happened, that he was not only blessed with a fond grandmother, but had either so far insinuated himself into her good graces, or recommended himself to her pride, that she came forward with an annuity of forty pounds for him; and when his father found this to be the case, he did not scruple ten pounds a year more for decent clothing. Notwithstanding all these pushing efforts, he never had the benefit of an university education.

‘He was entered of the Inner Temple, May 19, 1663; and, in an obscure apartment, commenced a study of the municipal law very diligently: while, at the same time, his pecuniary means were such, as to call upon his best wits for subsistence in a profession which bore a distinguished character for gentility.’

He became, successively, common-sergeant and recorder of the city of London, and a little time afterwards chief justice of Chester, and a baronet. The following presents him to us a lord chief justice of the King's Bench:—

'This promotion, it may be well imagined, could hardly be denied to Jeffreys; always busy in the intrigues and politics of the court, from a mere adventurer in state manœuvres, he at length became a chief engine in working them, and in the course of a few months he was admitted into the cabinet. There hardly needs any speculation as to the immediate cause of this elevation, when we consider the immensity of service which he had rendered the crown; the abundance of convictions he had procured; the unhesitating and devoted servility which he had displayed: yet it has been said, that his promise to bail the popish lords helped materially to lift him up, that he showed much irresolution and deceitfulness about the matter, and, in the writer's own words, "failed at the touch." Certain it is, that Danby and the three others (for Stafford had suffered death) applied by petition to be bailed; but their request was refused on the first application, although means were found afterwards to renew it with better success.

'There was now another victim to be sacrificed, and the ministers knew their new judge too well not to prefer him to Pemberton. It was one of Jeffreys's first judicial employments to preside at the trial of that considerable man, Algernon Sidney. He began very fairly, for he openly reprobated the practice of whispering to the jury. "Let us have no remarks," said he, "but a fair trial, in God's name!" Sir John Dalrymple has observed in his Memoirs, that when the court would have persuaded Sidney to make a step in law, which he suspected was meant to hurt him, he said, "I desire you would not try me, and make me to run on dark and slippery places, I don't see my way;" as though the judges wished to lead him into a trap. In justice to the chief of the court, who has been so much censured for his deportment here, let us hear the caution which he distinctly gave the prisoner:—

'Lord chief justice—"Put in what plea you shall be advised; but if you put in a special plea, and Mr. Attorney demurs, you may have judgment of death, and by that you wave the fact." And again, "I am sure there is no gentleman of the long robe would put any such thing into your head. There was never any such thing done in capital matters." The deep blemish upon this trial was, that the unfortunate colonel was found guilty upon inadmissible evidence, and a misrepresentation of the law by Jeffreys. A witness was suffered to give evidence that he knew Sidney's hand-writing, because he had seen him write once, and had met with indorsements upon bills in the same hand-writing; and another was allowed to speak from his experience of those indorsements only: and the judge would have mere writing to be an overt act of treason. Whereas, the men ought to have testified to Sidney's hand of their own knowledge, without consulting any other papers; and the doctrine, *scribere est agere*, ought never to have been entertained in a court of justice, unless a publication were proved.

'But there is no colour for saying, as some have done, that the court refused to hear the prisoner, and give him the benefit of his defence. The report of the proceedings bears

ample proof that great patience was shown, even by Jeffreys, and that he pointed out the advantage which would be gained by throwing a discredit on Lord Howard's statement, who was a principal witness against the prisoner. It was not until questions were demanded by Sidney at their hands, that he was interrupted by the judges, and with regard to some suggestions by the chief, that irrelevant discourses should not be indulged;—in this, our own enlightened day, if an accused person strays far from the point, it is rarely indeed that he will not be minded by the judge of the true course material to his defence. Sir John Dalrymple brings a further charge against the chief justice for endeavouring to ensnare the colonel into an avowal of the seditious writing attributed to him. We will give the passage from the State Trials at length, always premising that Jeffreys had such an overbearing tendency in his composition, as to reveal any artifice he might have been desirous of employing by the very violence of his method.

'Mr. Att. Gen.—So much we shall make use of; if the colonel please to have any other part read to explain it, he may.—[Then the sheets were shown to Colonel Sidney.]

'Col. Sidney.—I do not know what to make of it; I can read it.

'Lord Ch. Just.—Ay, no doubt of it! better than any man here. Fix on any part you have a mind to have read.

'Col. Sidney.—I do not know what to say to it, to read it in pieces thus.

'Lord Ch. Just.—I perceive you have disposed them under certain heads: to what heads would you have read?

'Col. Sidney.—My lord, let him give an account of it that did it.

'And then the king's counsel went on with their evidence.

'Can it be denied, that, at this day, if the publication of a libel be proved, it may be proposed to the defendant, without offence, to read any detached parts of it? a proposal which may come from the court, if they see fit, for his benefit. The papers produced had been found in Sidney's study; and there could hardly be a question but that he had been the author. If Jeffreys intended the address he made for artifice, he was most deplorably off his guard; for the most natural reply which a prisoner would make, when told that he knew all about a matter with which he might be charged, would be, "My lord, I know nothing at all about it."

'Nor would an assumption by the judge that he had done any particular act, in any wise alter his course; for having determined to deny the thing itself, he would be brought to the very point of denial by being challenged so publicly as the author. If it be intended to applaud the skill of the conspirator, Sidney, it may be agreed, without difficulty, that he opposed craft infinitely superior to that exercised against him, admitting a design to entrap him. This last reply is justly celebrated: he would give no ground to his prosecutors; and, at the last, would have had his writ of error, but for the dissent of the attorney-general. Just before judgment, he exclaimed, "I must appeal to God and the world, I am not heard;" and after sentence pronounced, he firmly uttered his appeal to God, that inquisition for his blood might be made only against those who maliciously persecuted him for righteousness' sake. Jeffreys, as well he might, on hearing this, started from his seat, and lost his temper. "I pray God," cried he, "work in you a temper fit to go unto the other world, for I see you are not

fit for this."—Col. Sidney. "My lord, feel my pulse, (holding out his hand) and see if I am disordered; I bless God, I never was in better temper than I am now." Sidney's solicitor entertained a very different feeling: far from participating in the prisoner's philosophical calmness, he could not help declaring, that the jury were a loggerheaded jury, for which he was immediately committed. It is said also, that the chief justice was seen to speak with the jury; but the maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, has never been of the least advantage to poor Jeffreys, whose character is destined to bear every curse which the fierce imagination of men can devise.

'The attainder was reversed, because the law had been improperly expounded; and the friends of Russel and Sidney would, of course, combine to blacken the judge who had deprived them of their associates, when they themselves rose in power at the revolution. Jeffreys had grossly erred; but must be held acquitted upon this occasion of that vast brutality and artifice with which writers have loaded him: for, excepting Hale and Pemberton, all his predecessors in that reign were accustomed to language and manners quite as arbitrary, and occasionally even more unpolished.

'However, this conduct plainly showed that he would go all lengths for the attainment of rank; or, as one writer says, "so as he rode on horseback, he cared not whom he rode over." And the truth was, that people in general were seriously frightened when they found this man seated on so high a throne: they were prejudiced against him; and, no doubt, regarded every thing which fell from him with much less allowance than the words of other contemporary judges, although no less violent when it suited their purposes. Burnet is outrageously upon the subject: "Jeffreys was scandalously vicious," says he, "and was drunk every day, besides a drunkenness of fury in his temper that looked like enthusiasm." He then launches out against the partiality and declamation which Sir George displayed on the bench, the indecency which he yielded to on his post; and abuses his eloquence as "viciously copious, and neither correct nor agreeable." It was very proper that a clergyman should feel scandalized at a character, who was frequently not only *ebrius*, but *ebriolus*; but it does not follow from all this tirade, that Jeffreys was drunk every day; and the future bishop could not be complimented upon his choice of companions, if he had any actual proof of such indulgences: the fact was, that men of that day had adopted a system of mutual abuse and recrimination. Treby, who never left the bottle while there was a man to stand by it, comes out of the furnace a most respectable judge; and Jeffreys, as though he were a perpetual firebrand.'

O'Neill, or the Rebel. 8vo. pp. 140. London, 1827. Colburn.

THIS is as powerful and successful an imitation of Lord Byron as we have seen: an imitation, however, it is, and that in both style and sentiment. The condensed language, the stern recklessness of character, and the grandeur of high-minded devotedness, in which the gifted Childe delighted, are the objects evidently aimed at by the author of *O'Neill*. In most of the imitations of Lord Byron, we see only the *disjecti membra poetae*, the spirit that breathed the poetry is recalled in vain. The production before us is distinguished from these by a natural vigour of

thought and vividness of feeling, that would have made language poetry in whatever mould it were cast. The character of the rebel is thus powerfully drawn:—

'Where'er O'Neill's more early fate was cast,
Ill seemed the present suited to the past.
In his deep eye a melancholy shade
Belied the mirth the lip so wildly made;
And o'er his brow unsleeping Memory set
A seal as sad, though haughtier than regret.
Still at the board more joyous than the rest,
The beam which lit ne'er thawed that frozen breast;

And in his mien there reigned that lordly air,
Which aught but birth so rarely learns to wear;

Yet to the low so artfully he bowed
His manner glassed the nature of the crowd,
Far from the tone which, insolently kind,
Revolts the soul it *plainly* seeks to bind,
Unseen—unfelt—his spells,—as if they wreathed

Their magic only in the air he breathed.

'In truth he seemed not of a mind which laid
Its hopes and honour in a traitor's trade.
Vexed from his childhood with the restless aim
To wring from Fate the "nothing of a name;"
And year by year more fondly wed to all
The dreams which lure Ambition to its fall,
The dreams so welcome to the heart of youth,
Where fancy less seems fiction than the truth;
Which Age nor Grief can learn us to despise,
Those sole philosophers that make men wise;—
Perchance the aspiring hopes his fancy fed
To holier paths his daring steps had led—
Perchance, for in his wildest moments, still
Spake out a heart, though warped, too soft for ill—

Perchance his powers, if happier turned at first,
Had blest in sunshine what in storm they curst.
But on each ebb and current of his soul
A bar was set to baffle—not control—
For in the mind there is a ceaseless source
Which *will* have way, however checked the course,

And banned all outward let, the passions bear
Back to the heart to waste their vengeance there.

'Thrust by a creed on which an Alien's name
Was set—from aught which loftier birth might claim,

His was the curse which pride most keenly gnaws,

Doubt without proof—suspicion without cause;
A claim to trust rejected—not denied—
An honour questioned, and a faith belied.
Yet did he feed in silence on the thought,
Which was as poison to his soul, and wrought
Hope from each treacherous spring that year by year

Burst forth to leave the desert heart more drear.
And, as the sailor cast on unknown shores
With aching eyes the waste of waves explores,
And sees the faint far vessels gliding on,
And hails—and hopes—until the last is gone;
So with each pledge forgetful of the past,
He watched—rejoiced—believed—and *woke* at last

To find the rocks around him wide and dark,
And the wave widowed of its latest bark.'

To follow the true critical style, we ought to recommend our author to 'study Murray's grammar' before he next venture to appear in public. There is an error in the above extract, which, we have no doubt, will be corrected in another edition. O'Neill's trial is thus described:—

'The morn—the moment came: the court was set,

The accusers summoned and the gazers met,
And all his heart foreboded doomed to feel,
Stood calm and changeless to the last—O'Neill!

'The mind which vaguely on its dreamings feeds,

Delights to suit men's features to their deeds.
Rude was the colouring which the public dread
Had o'er the image of the rebel shed;

And sped the circling murmurs of surprise,
When, there first seen, he met those eager eyes.
Albeit the deep and wearing wound which still
Prey'd on the iron frame it could not kill;

Albeit that cankering chain and narrowest lair,
To him whose nature was the mountain air,
Joined to the aids his practised art supplied,
Even in his cell his lineaments to hide,

Had dimmed and changed his form; yet lingered there
What maids who dream of beauty paint most fair—

The light yet sinewy frame where youth appears,

Robed in the grace of manhood's freshest years,

The bold yet tender eloquence of eye,
Clear—dazzling—deep—like midnight's starlit sky;

And the rich locks which seemed for soft hands made,

To play the wanton with their clustering shade;
But wild, dishevelled, streamed the ringlets now
Back from the daring of that dauntless brow.

'He took no venal succour from the laws,
Alone he stood upon that hopeless cause—
Alone he met the question, and if high
Its tone—full galling was the keen reply.
Alone he questioned in his turn—pursued
The wearied witness through each winding mood.

He had not walked this world without the art
Which threads the mazes of the hidden heart;

Each weakened proof, each varying evidence,
Each truth made dark or turned to his defence,
Each nicest subtlety which doubt can draw
From those linked quibbles which we nickname law,

He seized and showed so wisely, that even they
Grown in the school of modern sophists grey,
Drew back, and marvelled at the skill which made

Chicane perplexed and Truth itself dismayed.
But vain was aught that genius prompted there,

Too strong the charges and the guilt too bare;
And though, when lastly all his powers were thrown

In one warm close, his deep and thrilling tone
Betrayed its magic on the listeners' ears
In eyes all streaming with reluctant tears,
And hopes and eagerest wishes more intense,
For Nature's struggles with the harsher sense,
Yet well he knew each art he had assumed
Was vain, his fate unalterably doomed,
That doom was past—he heard with steady breath

And changeless cheek—and yet that doom was death.'

Before parting with this poem, we would warn its author, a man of real talent, against seeking celebrity in a continued imitation of Byron. There are certain faculties in the mind which will enable a man to imitate both sound and phraseology, without any heart for poetry, and every one who imitates an author too closely, subjects himself to this suspicion.

Tales of all Nations. 12mo. pp. 318. London, 1827. Hurst and Co.

THE design of this amusing little volume is excellent, and we trust it will be followed by several others of the same character. Of the ten tales of which it is composed, that of Queen Elizabeth, at Theobald's, strikes us as the best. It is brief and spirited, and the several characters that are introduced, are represented with historical fidelity, that of old Burleigh and laughing Harrington are particularly good. We shall endeavour to give our readers some idea of this tale:—

"Many thanks, my good lord treasurer, for all your services," said Elizabeth, as with gracious smiles she seated herself beneath the splendid canopy in the great hall of Theobald's, and received from her kneeling host the gold cup of cordial drink, while his lady, holding a richly chased salver of comfit cake, knelt reverently by his side. "Many thanks," continued she; "god Mercury yonder detained us so long with his sugared speeches, that I am fain to solace myself with somewhat more substantial than 'winged words,' as the old blind Grecian saith; not that I am deaf to the sweet harp of Apollo, though methinks it hath sounded more rarely of late."

"That best loved son of the muses, Raleigh, having left us," interposed Robert Cecil, "who else can sing the charms of incomparable Gloriana?"

"Beshrew thine heart for that saying; ye may well try your hand at fair speeches, for fair face have ye none, and fair chance have ye nought, as Essex will soon show ye. I'll e'en forward and say my verses," cried John Harrington.

"Nay," replied Lady Pembroke, "let well alone, and be not like Robin Goodfellow, always in mischief; but 'tis in vain—he's gone."

"Whence came you, saucy Jack?" was the salutation of her highness as the young poet threw himself on his knees before her.

"From the banks of Helicon, where I have gathered a few wild flowers—pale indeed, and drooping, but which ask only one sunny smile to revive them," said the wily courtier.

"Let us have them straight, ere their beauty be decayed," said the queen, laughing.

'Emboldened by this mark of favour, young Harrington, with a gay smile, commenced the following verses:—

"Wherefore hast thou lost thy bloom,
Velvet rose? and thy perfume,
Little modest violet,
Half unseen in the garden set,
Wherefore hath *that* fled away?
Then, joyfully, the rose did say,
If my lost bloom ye would seek,
See it on Parthenia's cheek.
And the violet answer made,
My perfume to her breath hath strayed.
Lily! on thy graceful stem,
Lifting thy pearly diadem,
Decked with gold and gemmed with dew,
Loveliest in thy snowy hue,
Wherefore dost thou hang thy head?
Whither is thy whiteness fled?
It hath gone, thus answered she,
To that breast of ivory,
And that forehead fair and even
To divine Parthenia given.
And, O thou golden sun, said I,
Looking to the clear blue sky,
If the roses lose their bloom,
And the violets their perfume,

And the lilies all their whiteness,
Wherefore shall we need *thy* brightness?
Ah! said Phœbus, sadly sighing,
Soon my empire must be flying;
Little need is there for me
If Parthenia's eyes you see."

"Nothing abashed at the outrageous compliments bestowed on a withered beauty of fifty-six, the queen smiled as her saucy godson concluded. "Well, young servant of the muses, what shall your guerdon be?"

"Nought but one of those sunny smiles that waken all things to joy and gladness," returned the young courtier, gracefully bowing.

"Nay, Elizabeth payeth not in such unsubstantial coinage," replied she, taking a pearl brooch from her stomacher and giving it to him.

"O, said I not truly, divine Parthenia's smiles were as the morning, when each drop orient pearl on their worshippers?" was the answer of the courtier poet, as, again bowing, he placed the royal gift in his cap, and cast a look of exulting defiance around him.

"While gaiety and pleasure seemed thus to preside at Theobald's, in the upper room of a mean house by the road-side sat an old man, in the dress of a physician, while two females, the stateliness of whose bearing indicated their high rank, stood timidly before him, closely wrapped in their mufflers. Although the furniture betokened the deep poverty of its owner, yet the divining staff placed beside him, the brazen astrolabe that stood on the table, the iron-clasped volumes of Ptolemy and Italy, and the smooth mirror of what seemed to be black marble, each inspired his visitants with feelings of profounder awe than the rod of empire, or the imperial purple could have excited.

"The port of the old man was lofty, and even commanding; and when he spake there was a decision in his tone that compelled a quick and direct reply. Nor was his haughty bearing mere assumption; his voice had been listened to when the counsels of profoundest statesmen had passed unheeded; his presence had been courted by nobles, and even by monarchs; and the haughty Leicester, the profound Walsingham, and the cautious Burgley, had stood as humble disciples before Dr. Dee, awaiting his decisions to guide them through the deepest intricacies of state policy.

"Ye came from Theobald's; what would ye?" was his first question.

"We pray your counsel, most learned sir, inas-much as we have sore dread of witchcraft," replied the elder unknown, in whom the astrologer recognized the Lady Sands, one of the most credulous of a credulous age; "for," continued she, casting a fearful glance around her as she spoke, "this young damsel bath of late been pining, for which there is no cause, saying that there hath been some evil-disposed person, in a sad coloured cloak, whose face cannot be seen, that lurketh about, and that I fear hath bewitched her. Moreover, she hath had a fair ring sent her, and I doubt it may be a charmed one."

"You know not, then, who sent it," inquired he.

"No, truly, most learned sir," said the old lady; "I have not even seen it; only knowing witchcraft to be so rife, I counselled her not to wear it until she had learned advice."

"The astrologer waved his hand, and opened one of the huge volumes, while Lady Sands instinctively drew back; but when he commenced his formula of invocation to the spirits, and pronounced such awfully unintelligible

gibberish as Vaichean, Espharos, Cryon, Tetragrammaton, the terrified lady bolted fairly out of the room. "Let her go," continued he, "and do you, Dora Markham, attend my words." What these oracular words were, or what was the lady's reply, our history saith not, for Dr. Dee, like his less celebrated brethren, always bound over his dupes to profound secrecy.

"He is a wondrous man," said Lady Sands, as her young companion joined her; "he hath nought to do with the kingdom of darkness, but converseth with the angels Raphael and Gabriel; be sure and mind all he says."

In the midst of this dialogue, a lady enters, with the tidings that Essex is fallen into disgrace. Harrington having, by an unfortunate piece of raillery, led to the discovery that a ring, which the queen had given her favourite, is missing. It so happens that Dora Markham, one of the maids of honour, falls sick at the same time, and her jealous mistress suspects that a love affair, between her and Essex, has caused the disappearance of the ring. The astrologer, however, discovers the lost treasure, and Dora's lover is found under her window, and proves to be the son of Lady Sands. Essex is consequently restored. The concluding scene is excellently drawn:—

"With a graceful obeisance the favourite quitted the hall, while the crafty astrologer followed. The night was cloudless, and Essex looked up to the countless orbs as they floated in the transparent depths of a clear autumn sky, with a feeling of mysterious awe.

"Onward, Essex, and fear not?" cried the old man, eagerly watching his brightening countenance. "The stars in their courses fight for ye; and the star of your high destiny shines in quenchless and unapproached brightness—no mist to overshadow, no cloud to dim it!"

Essex turned his eyes as the old man pointed upward, and beheld one glorious planet glowing in distant and lordly pre-eminence.

"Such shall thy course be!" cried the old man, watching the kindling eye of his awed but willing disciple. "Yes, high above thy fellows, yet shedding soft influence and genial radiance—mark ye not, even as I speak, how it glows with intenser light?"

"Was it imagination alone? Essex, with his eye still anxiously fixed on that brightest of all the orbs that were weaving their mystic dance, thought it seemed indeed to dilate and brighten into surpassing glory. "Bright and beautiful star!" exclaimed he, "if thou dost indeed shadow forth my destiny, say, shall my course be bright to the end?"

"Seek not too far, my son," said the old man, solemnly. "Leave the rest to Heaven."

"My Lord Essex," said one of the gentlemen ushers, approaching with the profoundest respect, "the queen's highness hath called three several times for ye; she prepareth to go to the banquetting room, and saith, none but you, my lord, shall lead her thither."

"Spake not yon star truly?" cried the old man, as Essex prepared to return.

"It did—it did! yet one more look at the star of my destiny," replied the joyful favourite.

"Seek not too far," was again the solemn answer of the old man.

Again Essex raised his eyes, but that bright star was quenched, and a heavy thunder cloud was spreading over the skies. "Such shall my fate be!" cried the shuddering favourite,

averting his eyes. "Yes, such is my lot! a meteor flash,—a wintry sunbeam,—a star blazing gloriously a moment, then sinking for ever!"

Essex returned to the hall; courted by the noblest and fairest,—bowed to even by his proudest rivals,—smiled on with the utmost favour by the queen, the baleful omen and its fatal augury vanished wholly from his mind. Who knows not the sequel? Who has not followed the splendid career of the gallant, generous, but precipitate Essex? And who has not mourned over that cruel fate that doomed him to perish so timelessly?

Narrative of a Captivity and Adventures in France and Flanders. By Captain BOYS. Post 8vo. pp. 236. London, 1827. Long.

WE still remember the delight with which in boyhood we have listened to narratives of adventures and escapes; how little it mattered to us in what century it occurred, or whether we were following the fortunes of a Baron Trenk or a Sinbad the Sailor. Captain Boys's Narrative is really a very amusing one; and though an escape from a French prison in the year 1803, cannot be very full of marvel or romance, it is well worthy of being ranked respectably among the compositions to whose class it belongs. The following is an interesting account of the escape from the prison at Valenciennes:—

"Having, for some time, vainly indulged the hope of finding a companion willing to share my fate, and the winter fast approaching, I became apprehensive of not being able to make the attempt before the ensuing spring. In the beginning of November, two sailors were sparring in the yard, and so common was this amusement, that it attracted the notice of no one but a stupid conscript of a sentinel, who, fancying they were quarrelling, quitted his post, and commenced a brutal attack on them, with the butt end of his musket; this breach of military discipline soon collected a mob, and the endeavours of the men to ward off the blows, gave them the appearance of acting offensively. The guard was called out, when the gendarmes, rushing through the mob, cut and slashed on all sides. Whitehurst, whom I mentioned in the early part of this Narrative, and I happening to be there at the time, roused with indignation at such wanton barbarity, also pushed in, in the hope of preventing bloodshed. The *Maréchal de logis*, observing us in the *mêlée*, desired us to send the men to their rooms, who, upon the order being given, immediately retired. This prompt obedience, bearing the appearance of generally acting under our influence, was, no doubt, the cause of our being denounced as the authors of the disturbance. We were, however, allowed to retire, whilst nine men, who were wounded, were seized as ringleaders; some being put into the "cachot," and others sent to the hospital. The next morning, Whitehurst and myself were arrested, and conducted to a separate place of confinement, upon the rampart, fronting the town. We were there locked up, with a sentinel at the door, without communication with any one, and ordered to be kept on bread and water. We were secretly informed, that the commandant had forwarded a report to the minister of war, representing Whitehurst and myself, as "chefs de complot;" the punishment of which, by the "Code Napoleon," is death. Although this did not much trouble us, being conscious of the falsehood of the

accusation, yet we judged it right, to lay before the commandant, a firm and accurate relation of the facts, referring him to the *Maréchal de logis*, for proof of our interference having prevented more bloodshed, and restored tranquillity. This respectful appeal to the justice of the commandant Du Croix Aubert, corroborated by the evidence of the *Maréchal de logis*, succeeded in restoring us to our comrades, and inducing him to transmit a counter-statement to the minister of war. I mention this circumstance, because it produced a proposition on the part of Whitehurst, to attempt to escape, so soon as we could make the necessary preparations. I readily acceded to his proposal; and, although I knew that, from his inexperience in the management of small craft, his assistance could not be great, in the event of getting afloat, I was perfectly convinced of his willingness and resolution. This consideration rendered it necessary, however, to seek a third person, and I sounded five men, separately, in the course of the day; but, so prevalent was the belief of the impossibility of getting out of the fortress, except by bribery, that they all declined.

'In this difficulty, I consulted Ricketts, who proposed to introduce the subject again to Hunter. I consented to accept him as a companion, provided we departed in a week; this stipulation being conveyed to him, and our prospects painted in glowing colours, he agreed to join us. From that moment, he behaved with firmness and cordiality: not an hour was lost in procuring every thing needful for the occasion; but before we could fix a day, we resolved to obtain some information, respecting the obstacles in our passage to the upper citadel, that being the only way by which we could possibly escape. It was necessary to be very cautious in this particular, and many schemes were suggested. At length, hearing that that part of the fortifications abounded in wild rabbits, it occurred to me, to offer my greyhounds to one of the gendarmes, whenever he chose to make use of them. This I did, and the fellow mentioned it to the *Maréchal de logis*, who was equally pleased with the expectation of sport, for they verily believed, that such beautiful English dogs could kill every rabbit they saw. Shortly after, the gendarme came, with the keys in his hand, for them; the *Maréchal de logis*, waiting at the gate. The dogs, however, had been taught to follow no one but their master, so that their refusing to go, afforded me an opportunity of making an offer to accompany them, which was immediately accepted. Whitehurst, Hunter, and two or three others, requested to go with us; four other gendarmes were ordered to attend, and we went in a tolerably large party. We took different directions round the ramparts, kicking the grass, under pretence of looking for rabbits: few were found, and none killed. But we succeeded in making our observations, and, in about an hour, returned, fully satisfied of the practicability of escape, though the difficulties we had to encounter were—scaling a wall, ascending the parapet unseen, escaping the observation of three tiers of sentinels, and the patroles, descending two ramparts, of about forty-five feet each, and forcing two large locks. These were not more than we expected, and we, therefore, prepared accordingly. On our return, we fixed the night of the 15th of November, for the attempt. Through a friend in town, I got iron handles put to a pair of steel boot-hooks, intending to use them as picklocks. The only thing now wanting, was another rope, and as that belonging to the

well in the midshipman's yard, was (from decay) not trust-worthy; in the night, we hacked several of the heart-yarns, so that the first time it was used in the morning, it broke. A subscription was made by the mids, and a new one applied for; by these means, we had, at command, about thirty-six feet, in addition to what our friends had before purchased of the boys. Every thing was now prepared; the spirits and provisions in the knapsacks were concealed in the dog kennel. On the 14th, Whitehurst communicated the secret to a young mid, named Mansall, who immediately proposed to join, and my consent was requested; but I strongly objected, upon the plea of his being incapable to endure the privations and hardships to which we might probably be exposed: by the persuasion of Ricketts and Cadell, however, I consented.

'At length, the day arrived which I had so ardently desired, and the feelings of delight with which I hailed it, were such as allowed me to anticipate none but the happiest results. The thought of having lost so many years from the service for my country, during an active war, had frequently embittered hours which would otherwise have been cheerful and merry, and now proved a stimulant to perseverance, exceeded only by that which arose from the desire I felt, to impress upon the minds of the Frenchmen, the inefficacy of vigilance and severity, to enchain a British officer, when compared with that milder, and more certain mode of securing his person—confiding in his honour. As the sun declined, our excitement increased. Our plans had been conducted with profound secrecy, only our most confidential friends entertaining the slightest suspicion of our intention. At the usual hour we retired to rest; at half-past eleven we arose, and, in preparation for our departure, went into the midshipman's little yard, unspliced the well-rope and returned to the apartment. Desirous of bidding adieu to our messmates, the six who slept in the room were awakened. On seeing the manner in which we were equipped, the rope slung over the shoulder, the knapsacks, the implements, and the laugh each one was endeavouring to stifle, they were so confused, that they could not, for the moment, comprehend why we were thus attired. When told that we intended being in England in ten days, they exclaimed, "impossible;" and argued against the attempt, as nothing better than the effect of insanity, insisting, that we were obstinately running, with our eyes open, into the very mouth of destruction. But as such remarks, if listened to, might only have tended to create indecision, we shook hands, and said, good night. When about to depart, Cadell observed, we had better wait a few minutes, as it was then very star light, and nearly a calm. His advice was attended to, and we impatiently waited the passing of a cloud, in the hope of its increasing the obscurity; but the clouds dispersed, the wind died away, and nothing disturbed the silence of the night but the watch-calls of the sentinels, and the occasional footsteps of the patroles. This anxious state of suspense continued until two o'clock, when we again rose to depart, but were prevented by the kind interference of our friends, who insisted on our waiting still a little longer, arguing that as I had met with so many disappointments, and had so repeatedly avowed my intention to act prudently, we ought to wait, even till the morrow night, if necessary. "What folly," continued Ricketts, "to blast all your prospects, by false notions of honour;" but the

'idea of flinching at this crisis, was so repugnant to my feelings, and so wounding to my pride, that it was with the utmost reluctance, I could consent to postpone the attempt another minute. A little calm and deliberate reflection, however, soon convinced me of the propriety of his remarks, and of the pure source whence they sprang. I also felt, that our liberty and lives being dependant upon my discretion, it behoved me not to allow my judgment to be influenced, by the opinions of the illiberal and the hot-headed, who, I feared, would attribute our delay to other causes than the real one; however, that mattered little; patient and persevering, I anxiously watched the stars, and sensibly alive to every thing that could, for a moment, endanger the confidence reposed in me, by my companions, I heard their opinion; when, finding it to coincide with my own, and the clock now striking three, we agreed to postpone the attempt, till the following night, and then start about eight p. m.; all present, promised secrecy; we replaced the well-rope, returned our knapsacks to the care of the greyhounds, and retired to bed. The next morning, nothing material occurred; the movements of the preceding night were unsuspected.

'In the afternoon, we amused ourselves with writing a letter to the commandant in which we thanked him for his civilities, and assured him, that it was the rigid and disgraceful measures of the French government, which obliged us to prove the inefficacy of "locks, bolts, and fortresses," and, if he wished to detain British officers, the most effectual method was to put them upon their "honour;" for that alone was the bond which had enchained us for more than five years. This letter was left with Ricketts to be dropped on the following day near the "corps de garde." At half-past seven p. m., we assembled, armed with clasp-knives, and each provided with a paper of fine pepper, upon which we placed our chief dependence; for, in case of being closely attacked, we intended throwing a handful into the eyes of the assailants, and running away. The plan was, that Hunter and myself were to depart first, fix the rope, and open the opposing doors; a quarter of an hour afterwards, Whitehurst and Mansall were to follow: by these means we diminished the risk attendant on so large a body as four moving together, and secured the advantage of each depending more upon his own care; for if Hunter and myself were shot in the advance, the other two would remain in safety, and if, on the contrary, they were discovered, we hoped to have time, during the alarm, to gain the country. Our intentions were, to march to the sea side, and range the coast to Breskens, in the island of Cadsand, opposite Flushing; and, if means of getting afloat were not found, before arriving at that place, we proposed to embark in the passage-boat, for Flushing, and, about mid-channel, rise and seize the vessel. It was now blowing very fresh, and was so dark and cloudy, that not a star could be seen; the leaves were falling in abundance, and as they were blown over the stones, kept up a constant rustling noise, which was particularly favourable to the enterprise; indeed, things wore so promising an appearance, that we resolved to take leave of a few other of our brother officers: eight of them were accordingly sent for; to these I detailed our exact situation, the difficulties we had to contend with, and the means of surmounting them, reminded them of our letter to the commandant, of last month, and the glory

of putting our threats into execution, in spite of his increased vigilance, read the one we had that afternoon written, and proposed, that any of them should follow that chose, but with this stipulation, that they allowed four hours to elapse before they made the attempt. Upon which, it being a quarter past eight, Hunter and myself, with woollen socks over our shoes, that our footsteps might not be heard, and each having a rope, a small poker or a stake, and knapsack, took leave of our friends, and departed. We first went into the back yard, and, assisted by Rochfort, who was now convalescent, but not sufficiently strong to join the party, got over the wall, passed through the garden and palisades, crossed the road, and climbed silently upon our hands and knees up the bank, at the back of the north guard-room, lying perfectly still, as the sentinels approached, and as they receded, again advancing, until we reached the parapet over the gateway leading to the upper citadel.

Here the breast work over which we had to creep, was about five feet high, and fourteen thick, and, it being the highest part of the citadel, we were in danger of being seen by several sentinels below; but, fortunately, the cold bleak wind induced some of them to take shelter in their boxes. With the utmost precaution we crept upon the summit, and down the breast work towards the outer edge of the rampart, when the sentinel made his quarter-hourly cry of "Sentinelle prenez garde à vous," similar to our "All's well;" this, though it created for a moment rather an unpleasant sensation, convinced me that we had reached thus far unobserved.

I then forced the poker into the earth, and, by rising and falling with nearly my whole weight, hammered it down with my chest; about two feet behind, I did the same with the stake, fastening a small line from the upper part of the poker to the lower part of the stake: this done, we made the well-rope secure round the poker, and gently let it down through one of the grooves in the rampart, which receives a beam of the draw-bridge when up. I then cautiously descended this half chimney, as it were, by the rope; when I had reached about two-thirds of the way down, part of a brick fell, struck against the side, and re-bounded against my chest, this I luckily caught between my knees, and carried down without noise. * *

I crossed the bridge and waited for Hunter, who descended with equal care and silence. We then entered the ravelin, proceeded through the arched passage which forms an obtuse angle, with a massive door leading to the upper citadel, and, with my picklock, endeavoured to open it; but not finding the bolt yield with gentle pressure, I added the other hand, and gradually increased the force until I exerted my whole strength, when suddenly something broke. I then tried to file the catch of the bolt, but that being cast iron, the file made no impression; we then endeavoured to cut away the stone in the wall which receives the bolt, but that was fortified with a bar of iron, so that that was impracticable; the picklocks were again applied, but with no better success; it now appeared complete check mate; and, as the last resource, it was proposed to return to the bridge, slip down the piles, and float along the canal on our backs, there being too little water to swim, and too much mud to ford it. Hunter then suggested the getting up the rope again, and attempting some other part of the fortress. In the midst of our consultation, it occurred to me, that it would be possible to

undermine the gate: this plan was to sooner proposed than commenced, but having no other implements than our pocket knives, some time elapsed before we could indulge any reasonable hopes of success; the pavement stones under the door were about ten inches square, and so closely bound together, that it was a most difficult and very tedious process. About a quarter of an hour had been thus employed, when we were alarmed by a sudden noise, similar to the distant report of a gun, echoing in tremulous reverberations through the arched passage, and, as the sound became fainter, it resembled the cautious opening of the great gate, creating a belief that we were discovered. We jumped up, drew back towards the bridge, intending, if possible, to steal past the gens d'armes, and slip down the piles into the canal, but the noise subsiding, we stood still, fancying we heard the footsteps of a body of men. The recollection of the barbarous murders at Bitché, on a similar occasion, instantly presented itself to my sensitive imagination; it is impossible to describe the conflicting sensations which rushed upon my mind during this awful pause: fully impressed with the conviction of discovery, and of falling immediate victims to the merciless rage of ferocious blood-hounds, I stood and listened, with my knife in savage grasp, waiting the dreadful issue, when suddenly I felt a glow flush through my veins, which hurried me on with the desperate determination to succeed or make a sacrifice of life in the attempt. We had scarcely reached the turning, when footsteps were again heard; and, in a whispering tone, "Boys;" this welcome sound created so sudden a transition from desperation to serenity, from despair to a pleasing conviction of success, that in an instant, all was hope and joy. Reinforced by our two friends, we again returned to our work of mining, with as much cheerfulness and confidence as though already embarked for England. They told us the noise was occasioned by the fall of a knapsack, which Mansell, unable to carry down the rope, had given to Whitehurst, from whom it slipped, and falling upon a hollow sounding bridge, between two lofty ramparts, echoed through the arched passage with sufficient effect to excite alarm. Whitehurst, with much presence of mind, stood perfectly still when he landed on the bridge, and heard the sentinel walk up to the door on the inside, and stand still also; at this time, they were not more than four feet from each other, and, had the sentinel stood listening a minute longer, he must have heard Mansell land. Three of us continued mining until half-past ten, when the first stone was raised, and in twenty minutes the second; about eleven, the hole was large enough to allow us to creep under the door; the draw-bridge was up; there was, however, sufficient space between it and the door, to allow us to climb up, and the bridge being square, there was, of course, an opening under the arch! through this opening we crept, lowering ourselves down by the line, which was passed round the chain of the bridge, and, keeping both parts in our hands, landed on the "garde fous." Had these bars been taken away, escape would have been impossible; there being not sufficient line for descending into the ditch. We then proceeded through another arched passage, with the intention of undermining the second door, but, to our great surprise and joy, we found the gens d'armes had neglected to lock it. The draw-bridge was up; this, however, detained us but a short time, we got down, crossed the ditch upon the "garde

fous," as before, and landed in the upper citadel. We proceeded to the north-east curtain, fixed the stake and fastened the rope; as I was getting down, with my chest against the edge of the parapet, the stake gave way. Whitehurst, who was sitting by it, snatched hold of the rope, and Mansell, of his coat, whilst I endeavoured to grasp the grass, by which I was saved from a fall of about fifty feet. Fortunately there was a solitary tree in the citadel; from this a second stake was cut, and the rope doubly secured, as before: we all got down safe with our knapsacks, except Whitehurst, who, when about two thirds of the way, from placing his feet against the rampart, and not letting them slip so fast as his hands, got himself in nearly a horizontal position; seeing his danger, I seized the rope, and placed myself in rather an inclined posture under him; he fell upon my arm and shoulder with a violent shock; fortunately neither of us were hurt; but it is somewhat remarkable, that within the lapse of a few minutes, we should have preserved each other from probable destruction. We all shook hands, and, in the excess of joy, heartily congratulated ourselves upon this providential success, after a most perilous and laborious work of three hours and three quarters.

Captain Boys and his companions succeeded in reaching the coast, and arrived in England on the 10th of May, after an endurance of six months' continual hardship and peril.

Tales of the Harem; containing the Witch of Himlaya, the Cave of Gulestan, the Heteria, and the Indian Maid. By MRS. PICKERSGILL. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

OUR readers are in general familiar with the name of the author of this interesting and beautifully written volume, but they may not be aware that the lady is the wife of the celebrated artist, whose works rank among the very highest of the British school. There is something more than commonly gratifying in the knowledge that the sister arts have been thus successfully studied, by those whose endearing connection render it peculiarly desirable that the habits and feelings of the one should aid and second the views of the other. It is unnecessary here to dwell upon the advantages which the poet derives from the assistance of the painter, or upon those which are conferred by the poet in return; but when they labour together, when they are so situated as to have, as it were, but one mind, and, aided by each other, give their productions to the world, it would be strange indeed if such productions did not possess merit of the very highest order. Such is the case with the paintings of Mr. Pickersgill, and such, we are now enabled to state, is the case with the poetic compositions of his lady.

The volume is dedicated to the Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, the daughter of the Earl of Grosvenor, one of Mr. Pickersgill's most liberal patrons; and the poems (as their titles intimate) are illustrative of oriental scenery and mythology. In the tales, fiction has necessarily been blended with truth, but the subjects have been well chosen, and afford ample scope for poetic illustration. Our limits will not permit us to notice the volume at as much length as it deserves, and we must

content ourselves with giving our readers one or two extracts, in the hope that they may lead to the perusal of the work itself, which cannot fail to gratify all who appreciate beautiful poetry.

The first is from the early party of the volume. It describes the amusements of the inmates of the Harem:—

'Some mount aloft the buoyant swing,
As the young bird first tries his wing;
With shouts as loud, and mirth as wild,
As echoed e'er from mountain child;
Some twine the dance's mazy round,
To music's soft melodious sound;
Others, the lute's sweet notes prolong,
Or warble some enchanting song,
That e'en the bulbul on the spray,
Might envy the soft thrilling lay;
And so some younger maidens thought,
As they their flowery garlands sought,
Each pressing to her own young breast,
The buds her childhood loved the best.'

'THE INDIAN GIRL'S SONG.

'To our bowers let us haste,
Ere the morning's light
From the garden has chased
The tears of the night;
Let the jasmine fair
In our wreath be seen,
And the rose-bud be there
From the throne of green.
For the blossoms, they say,
Are more holy by far,
Plucked beneath the ray
Of the midnight star.

'And let those bright flowers,
When spangled with dew,
Which hang from our bowers
Of roseate hue.
With the champaca sweet,
To braid our dark hair;
While their perfumes all meet,
And are blended there.
For the blossoms, they say,
Are more holy by far,
Plucked beneath the ray
Of the midnight star.'

We cannot lay this volume down, without giving it the strongest recommendation to our readers, or without expressing the pleasure we have felt in perusing it, as well as from the gratifying circumstances connected with its publication.

The Hon. F. De Roos's Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1827. Ainsworth.

DE ROOS'S Personal Narrative is but just come to hand, but we hasten to give our readers an extract from that long advertised publication, purposing to pay more attention to its contents in our next:—

'On the 15th of May, 1826, my kind friend, Admiral Lake, gave me a month's leave of absence from my ship at Halifax; and, after considerable hesitation whether I should shape my course towards the Falls of Niagara, or the cities and dock-yards of the United States, I decided to proceed to the latter. I embarked in the Frolic packet, having fortunately found a very agreeable companion in Major Yorke, who consented to accompany me as long as our routes lay together. As we did not sail till the sixteenth, the wind being foul, I dated my leave from that day. The only books I could find in Halifax relating to the United States, were a long statistical account by Bristed, and the

tour of an American to the Falls of Niagara, beginning with, "I lay down in my military cloak," &c.; and, until by accident, I met with Duncan's Book, I could find no good account of that part of the world.

'After a tedious and uninteresting voyage of a week, during which we were chiefly engaged in beating against foul winds, we reached Block-Island, about one hundred miles from New York, and landed in hopes of finding that the steam-boat from Boston to that city touched there. Disappointed in this expectation, we walked to the high land above the bay, which is inhabited entirely by fishermen.

'There are no trees on this island, but where the rock admits of cultivation, there are fine fields, interspersed with white cottages, which have a very gay appearance. The cottage we entered was extremely neat, and the inhabitants were very civil. The two daughters of the proprietor were somewhat shy, but gave us a most favourable idea of American beauty.

'We re-embarked, and, after two more days of foul winds and lazy weather, which we afterwards learned was caused by extensive fires in the woods, to our great joy a light breeze sprung up, and we made the light house of Sandy Hook, where we took a pilot on board. Our fair wind continuing, we soon crossed the extensive bay of which Sandy Hook forms one extremity; and about eight o'clock in the evening reached the Narrows, or entrance to the bay of New York. This channel does not exceed a quarter of a mile in breadth. The high land and picturesque scenery on each side, form a fine preparation for the first view of New York. That magnificent city, which was now plainly distinguished, lies embosomed in the waters of her beautiful bay, whence she sends forth her innumerable shipping to every quarter of the world. The banks of the bay form one continued garden.

'We were becalmed in the Narrows, and night coming on, our captain manned his boat; and, guided by the lights of the city, which were finely reflected on the glassy surface of the waters, we arrived, to our great joy, at the place of our destination on the 24th of May. Our voyage had consumed nine days, though it has frequently been made in three, and this loss of time was to me, who had only leave of absence for a month, a matter of serious annoyance. I consoled myself, however, with the hope of proceeding faster during the remainder of my journey.

'Having removed our baggage to the inn, we proceeded to the theatre, which at New York is pretty enough, but the acting reminded me very much of what I had seen at Portsmouth. The most vulgar songs were loudly called for, and rapturously encored between the acts and pieces. There are no private boxes, and the audience did not appear to be composed of the most respectable classes.

'We lodged at the city hotel, which is the principal inn at New York. The house is immense, and was full of company; but what a wretched place! the floors were without carpets, the beds without curtains; there was neither glass, mug, nor cup, and a miserable little rag was dignified with the name of towel. The entrance to the house is constantly obstructed by crowds of people passing to and from the bar-room, where a person presides at a buffet formed upon the plan of a cage. This individual is engaged, "from morn to dewy eve," in preparing and issuing forth punch and spirits to strange-looking men, who come to the house to read the newspapers and talk po-

litics. In this place may be seen in turn most of the respectable inhabitants of the town. There is a public breakfast at half-past seven o'clock, and a dinner at two o'clock, but to get any thing in one's own room is impossible.

'New York is situated on the Peninsula which separates the Hudson and the East River. Though the situation is low and the streets are irregular, it is certainly a very beautiful city. The trees, which were in luxuriant bloom, are planted regularly along the foot pavement; the numerous fine churches, and the magnificent central street called the Broadway, are among its most prominent features. The houses are generally of brick, and in the Broadway are very regularly built. The streets are remarkably clean; and, as a protection from the heat of the summer sun, each shop has an awning before it, which affords an agreeable shade to the passenger. The wharfs for shipping extend nearly all round the town.'

26th May.—'At ten o'clock we arrived at Philadelphia, and, as we were to remain there only two hours, immediately proceeded to deliver our letters. The town lies very low, and has a much more antique appearance than New York; it is built in regular squares, the market-place running through the centre. The streets are lined with trees, and several of the squares are very fine; in one of them stands the Town-hall, where the declaration of independence was signed in 1776. Philadelphia, on the whole, has the appearance of a well-built old English town of the time of Queen Anne.

'We did not see so many Quakers as we expected, but this is in some measure to be accounted for by the great latitude allowed in dress. Indeed the Quakers here are so tolerant, that if their young ladies will confine themselves to plain ribbons instead of flowered, and conform with some other such easy stipulations, they may wear what else they please.

'Re-embarking at twelve, we passed two large ships, and a number of sloops; we saw also a machine for deepening the river, which, if successful, will be applied to the bar below, where there is only a depth of ten feet at low water. With such an inconvenience, it must appear extraordinary that Philadelphia should have been selected as a dock-yard; but as considerable jealousy exists among the maritime states, Pennsylvania was unwilling to be behind-hand with her neighbours in the possession of such an advantage.

'We landed again at Newcastle, a distance of thirty-four miles, and got into the coach, in order to proceed to Frenchtown, which, by the by, is no town at all. The country we passed over was partly cultivated and partly woodland. The oak, beech, and maple, were all in luxuriant bloom; the fields were sowed with corn and other grain; and the land, which was very low and flat, had every appearance of fertility.

'At eight we arrived, and immediately got on board the steam-boat on the Elk river. This river joins the Susquehanna, which runs into the Chesapeake Bay. We supped on board; and, drawing lots for our births, my inauspicious stars placed me very near the boiler, so that between the heat of the atmosphere, and the vapour of the steam, I was nearly suffocated. The boat was of immense size, one hundred and sixty feet long, and very commodious. There were beds in it for seventy people, yet all could not be accommodated, so numerous were the passengers.'

The Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, exemplified in a series of Illustrations; with Descriptive Accounts of the House and Galleries of John Soane, Professor of Architecture, Royal Academy, &c. by JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A. F.R.S.L. &c. In 4to, with twenty-three plates, and five woodcuts. London, 1827.

SINCE the commencement of our journal we have had frequent occasion to notice various graphic publications by Mr. Britton, and they have uniformly been such, both in their plan and execution, as to call for our unqualified approbation. His English Cathedrals entitle him to the thanks not only of antiquaries, but of all persons of refined taste; and it is but just to add, that they may be considered as forming an epoch in this branch of art, and as having contributed to disseminate a feeling for, and better study of, our ecclesiastical architecture. The days of our Groses are happily passed away, and our eyes are no longer shocked by tasteless and caricature representations of ancient buildings, as destitute of fidelity of character, as of spirit. The elegant volume now before us, containing a description of Mr. Soane's valuable museum, may be said to form a suitable companion to the author's work on Font-hill Abbey. Like that celebrated residence, the house here illustrated, is a very singular specimen of architecture, and in point of actual contrivance, even surpasses that magnificent pile. Externally, indeed, it has little to attract notice, for although not deficient in elegance, the front is on too small a scale to excite attention. No one passing by it, would suspect that it contains one of the richest private museums in Europe; or that its interior contains some of the most extraordinary apartments ever planned.

We doubt whether we shall be able to give our readers any very intelligible idea of its arrangement, for it is so complex and intricate, that it requires some study to comprehend the plan; we will, however, endeavour to point out the distribution of the chief apartments. In front, to the right of the vestibule, is a spacious room consisting of two divisions, of which that toward the street, is fitted up as a library, and the other as an eating-room. Behind this, in the centre, is a small court, having on the west side a breakfast-room; on the opposite one, a study and dressing-room; communicating with the breakfast-room, are book-closets, and a small cabinet fitted up with bronzes, busts, vases, &c. Behind the court and these rooms, and forming what we may term the third principal division of the plan, is the museum or gallery, and picture cabinet, on the ground floor; and the monk's parlour, crypt or lower gallery, and sarcophagus-room, beneath: all of these apartments, and likewise the two-drawing-rooms, on the first floor, are filled with architectural casts and models, antique vases, paterae, busts, bronzes, drawings, pictures, &c.; but those more especially appropriated to the display of works of art, are the two galleries, the picture cabinet, and the monk's parlour. One very remarkable thing in this house, is the exceedingly picturesque disposition of the various parts, so that a new and striking scene

presents itself at almost every step. Even the two little courts are made to contribute to the general character, and to enhance the effect of the interior. The manner, too, in which the museum and cabinets are lighted, and the application of stained glass, contribute in no small degree to the enchanting appearance of the place, while the plan is so artfully arranged, that the house seems considerably larger than it really is. The vista from the west-end of the gallery, into the picture-cabinet, or from the latter into the gallery, where the view is terminated by the statue of the Belvedere Apollo, is one of the richest architectural scenes that can be imagined; and the light and shade are so managed as to produce a sparkling and brilliant effect. The picture-cabinet itself is a most delightful room, singular both for its proportions and design; for the beautiful finish of all its parts, and above all for the contrivance it displays. The walls may be said to be tripled, so as to admit of the room's containing thrice the number of pictures it otherwise could. This is effected by means of an outer wall composed of large folds or shutters, which being thrown open, shew two other surfaces completely covered with pictures, namely, that of the real wall, and the back of the folds themselves. On the south-side of the room these folds are double, and the second ones being opened, display another cabinet, in which is a window of rich stained glass: this forms part of the monk's parlour, which is likewise beneath the picture-cabinet. The latter apartment contains, besides several other paintings of the English school, and a great number of Mr. Soane's own designs, two series of paintings, that any first collection in Europe might be proud to own—namely, the Rake's Progress, and four pictures of an Election, by the unrivalled Hogarth.

The Monk's Parlour, is, as may be imagined from what we have said, a room of very singular and complex plan; that part of it beneath the cabinet being rather low, while the other rises as high as the ceiling of the latter apartment. On the south side is a bay window filled with circular compartments of painted glass, on a deep purple ground; above it, is the window which has been described as being seen from the cabinet. On an arched beam thrown across the recess of the window, stands a female statue, by Westmacott. This room is fitted with a great number of gothic fragments and ornaments, carvings, bronzes, old china, and other curiosities. The coloured frontispiece conveys a very good idea of this truly picturesque and delightful boudoir, and shows the painted window as seen in the opposite mirror, and the shutters to the cabinet partially opened. There is likewise another view of the same room looking towards the chimney-piece. The adjoining corridor conducts into the courts, and into the crypt and sarcophagus-room, forming what may be termed the lower gallery. The principal object here is the Belzoni Sarcophagus, a most astonishing work of art, in the highest preservation, which is covered both externally and internally with an immense number of hieroglyphics. This splendid monument is illustrated by a general

plan and elevation of the portion of the gallery where it is placed, by two views, and a plate of details.

There are likewise in this part of the museum, a great number of cinerary urns, busts, candelabra, and other pieces of sculpture. Some of the vases and cinerary urns are exhibited in plates 17 and 18. The vignettes are exceedingly elegant, and some of the best specimens of engraving on wood, we have ever seen. But we must reserve our remarks on the other embellishments, and on the literary part of the volume, for another notice.

NARRATIVE OF AN EXCURSION FROM CORFU TO SMYRNA.

(Continued from p. 371.)

WE continue our author's description of Athens:—

Next in interest to the Parthenon, is the temple of Minerva Polias, so called from her being the protectress of the city. Here (if we may trust tradition) was preserved the original olive, produced by this goddess when asserting her claims to give a name to the new colony founded by Cecrops; and here also was deposited the sacred image, supposed to have fallen from heaven. Two dragons were the guardians of this hallowed relic; before it was placed an owl, and a golden lamp so skilfully formed, as not to require replenishment more than once a year. The frieze, and the Ionic volutes which decorate this structure, are of unequalled lightness and elegance; the building was consecrated in part to Neptune, surnamed Erechtheus; and in this latter division was the salt-spring, called *ερεχθνίς*, which mythology feigns to have issued from a stroke of Neptune's trident.

The adjoining temple, called the Pandroseum, is a small structure, of which the most striking embellishments are the figures termed caryatides, which support the entablature. Carya was a city in the Peloponnesus, which, during the Persian war, made common cause with the enemy. On the expulsion of the invaders, the Greeks, to punish their desertion from the general interests, exterminated the male population, and carried off the females prisoners: these last they reduced to the condition of slaves; but, with a refinement of severity, forced them to retain their peculiar dress and personal ornaments. It was to perpetuate this act of vengeance, that the architects of the day are supposed to have represented them in the discharge of some menial office, each supporting a burden on the head with one hand, and the other resting by the side.

The figures were originally six in number; at present only four remain. The struggle of Minerva, when resisting the impetuosity of Vulcan, produced an earth-born monster, called Erechtheus, or Erichonius. The goddess of chastity enclosed the infant in a chest, and intrusted it to three sisters, with a strict injunction not to examine the contents. Female curiosity proved fatal to two; the virtue of the third, Pandrosos, prevailed over the temptation, and she was rewarded with the observance of religious rites and ceremonies, annually celebrated in her honour.

The Propylæa, which I ought to have mentioned first, as it was anciently the entrance of the citadel, though much mutilated and deformed by modern buildings, has still many traces which attest its former grandeur. The Doric order is preserved here, as in the Parthe-

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non. There were five doors in front; a number not more than sufficient to afford an easy access to the crowds who, on particular occasions, from devotion or curiosity, thronged to the Acropolis. The right wing of this building consisted of a temple dedicated to Victory. It was on this point that Ægeus is supposed to have stood, with his eyes eagerly strained towards the sea, to descry the vessel in which Theseus was returning from Crete.

'The image of Victory was represented without wings, because the news of Theseus' success did not precede his return. The superstition of the people appears also to have been consulted; and they were taught to believe, that as the goddess was described without the symbols of flight, she would never desert her present situation.

'The opposite wing was enriched by the pencil of Polygnotus. The building existed in a state of perfect preservation in the time of Pausanias; an interval, from its foundation during the government of Pericles, of considerably more than five hundred years. I have mentioned two statues of Minerva; one placed in the Parthenon, and one in the temple of Minerva Polias; but there was a third, of very colossal proportions, carved in brass by Phidias, and dedicated with a tenth of the spoils taken at Marathon. This image was so vast, that the crest and point of the lance are said to have been visible from Sunium,—a distance of forty-five miles!

'But to quit this lofty eminence, where every object is impressed with some barbarous mark of desolation, let me conduct you to the interior of the city. Here the most prominent and the most perfect relic is the celebrated temple of Theseus. Though detached from any other building, and standing at present in the middle of a corn-field, it is within the inclosure of the modern walls, and was originally in the heart of the town, near the place where the youth of Athens performed their gymnastic exercises. It was erected by Conon, and recognized by law as a sanctuary for slaves, and indeed for all others who fled from the persecution of men in power. Of all the remains of art and antiquity, this structure has escaped with the least violation; it is still comparatively entire, a master-piece of architecture. The order and form are exactly those of the Parthenon, though the dimensions are considerably less. The sculpture, in the front and at the extremity, represents the battles of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and the personal achievements of the hero to whose glory the fabric was erected; his exploits and those of Hercules were carved on the metopes in alto relievo; the following are conjectured to be some of the subjects:—

1. Theseus driving the bull of Marathon to Athens. 2. Killing the sow of Crommyon. 3. Hurling Sciron from a rock into the sea. 4. Wrestling with Ciryon. 5. Destroying the Minotaur. 6. Hercules vanquishing the Nemean lion. 7. Slaying the hydra, attended by Iolaus. 8. Receiving the golden apples from a nymph of the Hesperides.

'The interior is generally closed, and the rites of the Greek church are, on particular occasions, solemnized on an altar erected in a recess at the eastern extremity. It is dedicated to St. George, and deformed with several very execrable paintings. Nothing surely can be more ill-judged than the application of designs, taken from the inspired pages of Christianity, as subjects of decoration to a heathen temple. It is like confounding the Æolian lyre with the harp of Æolus! or—"not to speak it profanely"

—placing the robe of Socrates on a modern professor of moral philosophy. Who would not feel his religious sentiment outraged on viewing the image of the Belvidere Apollo,—all radiant though it appears with majesty and beauty,—or even that of the Venus de' Medici,

"The statue which enchants the world," placed in the chancel of a Protestant cathedral?

'Of late years this temple has served as a Protestant cemetery, and there are monumental slabs placed over the tombs of two English gentlemen interred here.

'In the ruins of the piazza, near the marketplace, though much damaged and defaced, there are still the vestiges of an elegant and magnificent pile. Possibly Zeno's portico once formed a part of this structure; at least Pausanias asserts, that the forum was near the place where that philosopher delivered his peculiar doctrines. At some little distance from hence is the Franciscan convent; the building appears to be of modern date; but one of the outer walls abuts against a small circular building, which, for some reason that I could not understand, has been called the lantern of Demosthenes. These are, I believe, the only remaining fragments of genuine antiquity in the city; there is, indeed, one other structure, which has been designated the Temple of the Eight Winds; but Pausanias makes no mention of it; and the clumsiness of the fabric, if it existed in his time, may well justify the omission. Its form is octagonal, the different sides having figures in relief of Æolus and his associates, with inflated cheeks and distended limbs. The south-west part of this building has been converted to a mosque; and on the recurrence of certain festivals, it is applied to the celebration of many tedious ceremonies. There is, however, in another quarter of the town, a much more splendid temple, consecrated to the Turkish worship. It is an elegant structure, and very chastely decorated in the interior, to which I obtained admission without any difficulty. A minute description of the ornaments would scarcely be interesting; but you may imagine a large saloon, with a lofty cupola in the centre, from which various lamps depend; galleries are carried round the sides, supported on arches; and the compartments are variously painted, and inlaid with different coloured marbles.'

The following is a pleasing account of our author's visit to Marathon. Worn out as such subjects are, the very name of these places are like a spell upon the feelings of the heart:—

'ATHENS.—We rode yesterday to Marathon, distant from hence about twelve miles: but the route is partly over the mountains, and occasionally difficult. As we descended towards the plain we diverged about a quarter of a mile to the left, in order to explore a cavern, which Pausanias has hinted would repay the trouble of examination. As far as my observation went, it does not materially differ from other subterranean excavations, except that it has two entrances contiguous to each other. Each of these is low and narrow, but they conduct to a chamber sufficiently lofty to admit of one's standing upright. Here, however, there is scarcely any thing observable, besides the usual incrustations from dripping water; there are certainly no inscriptions or relics of any kind that I could discover. The superstition of the ancient inhabitants of the district dedicated this vault to the god Pan, who was believed to have rendered most essential service during the heat of the action, by striking the Medes with the

same kind of terror as that which arrested the Gauls, when they made an irruption under Brennus, and were on the point of plundering Delphi.

'A river winds through the valley, at the bottom of the hill; the water is clear and the channel rather wide, but generally shallow. The scene of the battle is a long plain, bounded on the east by the sea, on the south by a range of mountains, and by a broken chain of hills on the north. The Athenians and Plataeans were encamped against the mountains on the south; a position as favourable as can be well imagined;—but, notwithstanding every advantage of situation, it is still extremely difficult to comprehend how eleven thousand men should be able, with the loss of little more than two hundred, to defeat an army above ten times as numerous. That the Greeks were victorious is indisputable; but the Persian narrative, if any such existed of the battle, would probably give a very different account of the relative numbers engaged. A monument erected to the memory of Miltiades was placed nearly in the centre of the field; it is now almost entirely destroyed. The mound near it is conjectured to have been a tumulus, thrown over the Plataeans. A short time since, an opening was made in it, but, as I understand from Signor Lusieri, nothing had been discovered except a few arrows, and some other Persian weapons. The Athenians who fell in the action were buried in a small island near the beach.

'The soil is light, and easily cultivated, but subjected to extremely bad tillage. Mutilated fragments of statues are constantly turned up by the plough in various parts; one of these was offered me by the peasants, but the subject was ungracious, and the execution did not appear to be such as made it an object worth preservation. We slept at a village near the spot where the combined forces of Athens and Plataea were encamped, and were pleasantly lodged in a very spacious room, which looked against the defiles of the mountain.

'The next morning we set out for the monastery of Pentelicus, situated near the quarry from whence materials were drawn for the sculptor and architect, and to which Athens is indebted for its most splendid edifices. Here we breakfasted, and were received with much courtesy by the monks. Their establishment is one of the most considerable in Greece, and the fraternity are, I believe, in sufficiently affluent circumstances. The building is capacious and well planned—many of the apartments appear judiciously distributed; but as to the library, if any room of that kind exists, it is not, I believe, at all times easily accessible; and with respect to manuscripts, it is frequently worse than useless to make inquiry for such relics.

'The marble rocks are about half a mile distant, towards the summit of a mountain. The blocks which constructed the public buildings at Athens appear to have been taken in vast masses from the upper quarry, which is open, and cut smoothly down in a perpendicular direction, from a height of more than sixty feet. A little to the right of this there is a vast cavern, of which the roof spreads out to a very wide expanse, pendant with a variety of very singular petrifications. At the extremity of the cave a narrow and steep passage leads down a very considerable depth to a spring of water, said to be, in a peculiar degree, cool and refreshing. The descent is in some points very precipitous, and the access difficult and irksome, even to a light, pliable figure. In at-

tempting to explore the recesses, the stoutest of the party, who had diverged a little from his companions, suddenly uttered a faint exclamation, and vanished though one of the fissures. We were more startled by the tone than by the disappearance of our friend, whose self-possession we felt assured would enable him to assume the pleonastical properties of the crew, described in the version of the Odyssey,—

"Who stuck, adhesive, and suspended hung!"

We succeeded at length in rescuing him from his perilous position, and were rewarded by copious draughts from a spring, which even a Nazarene might have viewed with rapture.*

Facts and Documents illustrative of the History of the Period immediately preceding the Accession of William III., referring particularly to Religion in England and in France, and bearing on recent Events. By ARTHUR H. KENNEY, D. D. Rector of St. Olave's, Southwark. 8vo. pp. 279. London, 1827. Rivington.

THE insidious attempt of James the Second to restore the ascendancy to popery in this kingdom, and the firm and intrepid conduct of the seven bishops, by whom that attempt was so heroically defeated, are present to the recollection, and interesting to the feelings, of all our readers; but we think that it would be difficult to name a work, in which the origin and progress of this treacherous and unconstitutional measure of that weak and ill-advised monarch are more faithfully and minutely traced, or in which the inevitable consequences of the measures are stated and illustrated in a more enlightened manner, than in the volume before us.

The adherents of the church of Rome, both on the Continent and in England, were at that period making a vigorous, concerted, and simultaneous effort for the suppression of the Protestant faith; and we may be sure that men so wise in their generation as the Romish clergy, would, on such an occasion, employ every means of artifice and violence, which ingenuity could devise, or circumstances enable them to make use of.

Among the bitterest and most distinguished of the champions of the church of Rome, Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, was the most highly gifted, and indefatigable; and Dr. Kenney has shown that to the influence which that deceitful prelate exercised over the mind of Louis XIV., is to be ascribed that cruel and unjustifiable measure—the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The arguments by which that act was brought about and defended appear to have suggested the arbitrary attempts of James, and to have encouraged him in the pursuit of them. And Dr. K. has, we think, very satisfactorily shown that Bossuet's celebrated "Exposition" is the model upon which the recent ensnaring "Declaration" of the Roman Catholic Bishops has been framed. These remarkable coincidences render every thing connected with the lamentable events of that period doubly interesting and instructive; and, if we are not resolved to despise the counsels of experience, they will, at this important crisis, engage no small share of our anxious consideration. The most successful opponents of Bossuet, in France, were Claude and Jurien; and in England,

Wake and Stillingfleet. By the two former, Bossuet's gross misstatement of facts was clearly and triumphantly exposed; by the two latter, his ingenious sophistries were completely detected. It was the policy of Bossuet to give to the cruel and iniquitous measures, suggested by himself, the character of a mild and tolerant proceeding; what a melancholy refutation of this barefaced falsehood does the following statement from Claude afford to us!

"At Nantes, the persecutors "bound, to posts, mothers that gave suck, and let their little infants lie languishing in their sight, without their being suffered to suckle them for days, while the poor infants were moaning and gasping for life, and just dying of hunger and thirst; in order that they might thus vanquish the constancy of the mothers, swearing to them that they should never be suffered to give suck to their children, until they renounced their profession of the gospel.".... ".... This persecution," besides its other marks of unexampled cruelty, "has one characteristic more, which makes it exceed in severity, all that the church ever suffered under Nero, Diocletian, &c. &c—the prohibition against departing out of the kingdom, on pain of confiscation of goods, of the galley, of the lash, and of perpetual imprisonment. All the sea-ports are kept with that exactness, as if it were to hinder the escape of traitors and common enemies! the persons of the sea-port towns are crammed with the miserable fugitives, men, women, boys, and girls, who are there condemned to severest punishments, for having had a desire to save themselves from this dreadful persecution.... Alva massacred, but he did not prohibit those that could, from making their escape. In the Hungarian persecution, no armies were employed to force the people to change their religion by a thousand different ways of torment; much less did it enter into the thoughts of the Emperor's council, to shut up all the protestants in Hungary, in order to destroy all those who would not abjure their religion. Yet this is the condition of so many wretches in France, who beg it as the highest favour at the hands of their merciless enemies, to have leave to go and beg their bread in a foreign country; being willing to leave their goods and all other outward conveniences behind them, to lead a poor miserable languishing life in any place where only they may be suffered to die in their religion.

"O great God! who from thy heavenly throne dost behold the outrages done to thy people; haste thee to help us!"

A very remarkable and important illustration of the spirit of the popish party, is given in the sermon preached by Bossuet at the funeral of the chancellor, Le Tellier: but for this we are obliged to refer our readers to the work itself.

In the eighth chapter of this volume, the author has given a very accurate account of the origin and progress of transubstantiation, and of the coincidence of this doctrine with the rise of the Inquisition, and of the support which it has given to the monstrous pretensions of priestly ambition. We cannot too strongly recommend the chapter to the careful perusal of all such as desire to possess a clear and correct idea of the nature of this corrupt and blasphemous tenet of the

* Account of the violent Proceedings and unheard-of cruelties at Montauban, &c.

church of Rome. Our limits will not permit us to extract the most important passages, and they will not admit of condensation.

History and Description of the Parish of Clerkenwell. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. London, 1827. J. and H. S. Storer.

JUDGING from the portion of the work already published, we can venture to recommend this as an interesting topographical history of an important suburban district of the metropolis. The chapter relating to ecclesiastical events contains much curious information, and the writer appears to have diligently consulted authentic documents. The embellishments, which are numerous, are neatly executed and highly creditable to the abilities of the Messrs. Storer.

High Life: a Novel. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1051. London, 1827. Saunders and Otley.

THIS novel partakes of the lightness of character which distinguishes the numerous works of the same class that have recently issued from the press. The picture here given of high life is, in many respects, a correct one, but of the most frivolous of the fashionables, and there is little either edifying or interesting in the minute details or tedious descriptions with which the author has principally filled the three volumes before us. The only redeeming point is the grand moral lesson which they inculcate, of the great dangers attendant on mistaken parental fondness. The heroine, though possessed of every worldly attraction, dies degraded and miserable, owing to her violent passions which had been left uncontrolled in youth.

A Clergyman's Address to English Protestants. By EDWIN JACOB, A. M., late Fellow of C. C. C., Oxon. pp. 54. London, 1827. Rivington.

A Letter on the Coronation Oath. By CHARLES BUTLER, Esq. pp. 15. London, 1827. Murray.

WE strongly recommend both these publications to the attention of our readers. Mr. Jacob has written with the charity of a Christian minister and the acuteness of a well-prepared controversialist. We shall be happy again to see him in the same field, and again to assure him we cordially desire to see the great principle he has inculcated universally revered and acted upon.

The Important Duty of Public Worship, and of erecting and setting apart proper Places for such a laudable Purpose. A Sermon preached at the Consecration of St. Paul's Church, Shipley, on Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1826. By the Rev. HENRY HEAP, Vicar of Bradford, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Howard de Walden. Hatchard, London; Inversley, Bradford.

THE title of this sermon sufficiently explains its nature. The text is from 1 Kings, 8, 17. It is superior to the ordinary run of consecration discourses, and is calculated to excite our gratitude to Him who hath disposed our temporal rulers to come forward in erecting so many temples for his service, as we find rising in almost every part of the land. The whole expense of building the church at

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Shipley, has been provided by his Majesty's commissioners, who have afforded, at least to one thousand five hundred people resident in its neighbourhood, the opportunity of attending a consecrated place of worship, and to numerous poor the power of hearing the gospel without money or price.

Alliance of Music, Poetry, and Oratory.

THE late Anselm Bayly, LL.D. sub-dean of his Majesty's Chapels Royal, published, in the year 1789, a most ingenious volume, entitled *The Alliance of Music, Poetry, and Oratory*. The work is now out of print, and scarce, so that extracts from it in *The Literary Chronicle* are likely to be both interesting and useful. The introduction is as follows:—

'Some have been pleased to consider music, poetry, and painting as sister arts; though, as it should seem, with more fancy and ingenuity than judgment and truth. For they descend from far distant parents, or in another form of speaking, they fall under the cognizance of different senses; that of the eye, which is the proper judge of colours and proportions in painting; and that of the ear, which is the only nice and true discriminator of sounds, their nature, whether grave or acute, and their measure, whether long or short, in music, poetry, and oratory.

'Music, poetry, and oratory may, with elegance, if not with propriety, be called not only liberal but sister arts; of which music is the elder, and on whom the other two are dependent. Music is the basis on which poetry and oratory can be advantageously erected, and by it can be truly judged.

'Music, indeed, if traced up to its origin, will be found the first and immediate daughter of Nature, while poetry and oratory are only near relations of music, mere imitations of Nature, and the daughters of Instruction and Art.

'That music is the daughter of Nature appears from the aptitude which children of all nations have to singing freely, as birds in the wood; some indeed better than others, with more taste and genius. All persons, young and old, seem in some degree susceptible of musical gratification, though few can give it in a superior manner.

'Music is so connate with the soul of man, so purely intellectual, that it may, with the greatest truth, be said to owe its birth to nature, genius, or inspiration, insomuch that they who derive it not hence, seldom please by being taught. Hence many that are blind conceive and excel in it with nicer feelings than those who have eyes. Demodocus, Tiresias, Phamyrus, Homer, and Milton, were, in their days, prime musicians as well as poets, and all were blind.

'As there is in no arts a stricter alliance, or more intimate correspondence, than between those of music, poetry, and oratory; so in none more closely than in these hath Nature joined *utile et dulce*, delight and utility, pleasure and innocence.

'They have ever been used, and, like other excellencies, ever abused. At first they dwelt together in friendly union, when music aimed to animate, by the simplicity of sounds, in divine worship; poetry, to civilize mankind with sentiments; and oratory, to inform the understanding, and engage the passions and affections on the side of truth and virtue.

'Music, since the time of Guido Aretinus, a monk of St. Benedict's order in the tenth cen-

tury, hath been improved in a wonderful degree by a greater variety of melody, and by accession of harmony; but then, as the imagination, unchecked by reason and judgment, is apt to run wild, in the present age we are many times more surprised at the attempts and extravagance of execution than delighted with neatness; the simplicity of air is often spoiled by the redundancy of variations and graces; nature is outraged in imitations, and the ear is perplexed, if not lost, in a crowd of harmony, or tired with everlasting repetitions of the subject.'

The first part of this ingenious treatise contains the following divisions:—

- '1. Of single sounds.
- '2. Modulation and harmony.
- '3. The production and formation of agreeable sounds.
- '4. Height, depth, and measure of sounds.
- '5. Musical notes, their names and keys.
- '6. The division of sounds into half and quarter.
- '7. The three modes of music, diatonic, chromatic, and enharmonic.
- '8. Of measure or time.
- '9. Rests and pauses.
- '10. Claves* or marks of human voices.
- '11. Difference of effect from a conjunction of voices and instruments.
- '12. The common chords in music.'

From some of these heads, we select a few interesting passages. Of single sounds he observes:—

'To inquire how sound is propagated by the air, whether in right lines or circular; by vibration or undulation, might be matter of amusement rather than of utility; but a consideration of sounds themselves and of their difference is very necessary, and of great importance, though, perhaps, little entertaining to those who have not attended to them. *Sounds, tones, and vowels* are of two kinds, articulate and inarticulate.

'Inarticulate sounds, in contradistinction to noises and *clangors*, such as those of wind, water, thunder, screaming, howlings, may be produced effectively by certain percussions on a glass, drum, bell, or by air through tubes, and every kind of wind instruments.

'Tones arise from a stroke, touch, or pressure upon strings and wires, of different sizes and tensions, or by pinching them with the nail or finger.

'A description of articulate and inarticulate sounds will be found of the utmost utility to those who wish to speak and sing properly, distinctly, and elegantly, either in English, French, Italian, or any other language whatever, after a manner which it is said was inspired into the ancient Greeks,

'*Graius ingenium graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui.*'

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Choir Classiques Français, dirigé par L. T. VENTOUILLAC. 24 vols. 18mo. London, 1824-1827. Low.

THIS collection of French classics was commenced in 1824, and is now completed. It is composed of twenty-four volumes, of which sixteen are prose and eight poetry. The chefs-d'oeuvres of Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Pascal, Voltaire, Fenelon, Marmontel, Buffon, and Bernardin de St. Pierre fill twenty

* The author means what we term clefs, which word is manifestly from the Latin *clavis*, and his reading is certainly more analogical.

volumes, the twenty-first is consigned to choice extracts from history, and the three others contain the Numa of Florian, and the Elizabeth of Madame Cottin, productions of a secondary merit, and which, without doubt, would not have obtained a place in this selection of French classics if M. Ventouillac had less consulted his own taste, than that of the nation for which it was made.

A pure and enlightened judgment is manifested in this collection, which is destined more particularly for youth. We must say, after a scrupulous examination of this work, it contains nothing that could corrupt the morals or wound the delicacy of any. Some biographical notices, extremely well written, placed at the head of the work of each author, give an account of their lives and writings, which, with some interesting particulars collected together, will form an abridged history of the literature of France. Notes, placed at the end of each volume, give the explanations of complicated passages, and sometimes, as in those of Telemachus, show much learning and erudition. If all the engravings are not equally well executed, the same cannot be said of the portraits, amongst which we have particularly remarked those of Voltaire, Racine, Moliere, and Bernardin St. Pierre, which combine to render these volumes worthy of all lovers of the French language. In a second edition, M. Ventouillac would do well to adopt a uniform orthography, and to give the preference to that of Voltaire, as more conformable to the pronunciation. We should not then see what we have remarked in the first edition, the same words written in a different manner, which renders the French orthography incomprehensible to strangers. We would also recommend to M. Ventouillac to select for a second edition choice historical extracts from the modern authors, and the works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, giving only pieces well known, whilst those of Sismondi, Lacretelle, Mignet, Daru Barante, Thierry, and Segur present a virgin mine, which, if judiciously worked, would afford the mind a new store of useful and noble examples. In conclusion, we advise the editor to pay more attention to the typographical execution. The errors of the press are not very numerous it is true, but it suffices that there are some few; and if M. Ventouillac will endeavour to correct all such faults, he cannot be afterwards reproached for permitting a single error to creep into a work so eminently interesting and useful.

ORIGINAL.

THE ADMIRALTY SCREEN.

THE recent alterations on this part of a public work having excited no small degree of surprise and animadversion, we shall offer a few remarks on the subject.

It is not generally known, that the screen in question formed no part of the original plan of the building, for, until the year 1760, the court was enclosed on the east by a brick-wall, with panels and pilasters, in the centre of which were a pair of wooden gates, the carriage entrance, the appearance of the whole,

mean, tasteless, and entirely unworthy of the building.

At this period, Mr. R. Adams was employed to make a design for the improvement of the spot, and removing the wall, erected this screen. A large line engraving was made from a perspective drawing of the same, by D. Canego, in January, 1770, which forms part of the illustrations of the folio work on architecture, published by the Messrs. Adam, brothers.

With regard to these alterations, much has been said, and as it has become a public question, we would presume to suggest, as a query, rather than to proceed thus with the partial spoliation of this esteemed work, would it not be advisable to remove the whole, and to substitute a richly designed iron railing, such as that at the east-end of St. Andrew's Place, in the Regent's Park, erected on a handsome stone base, about two feet in height from the foot-way, and to paint the iron-work of the same light colour, which has been so generally introduced by Mr. Nash? This colour on rich and massive railing relieving so much more agreeably than dark colour, consequently combines with the general effect of the architecture.

By this means, the area of the building would be thrown open, and the space thus obtained, would add to the general improvement of this fine and interesting part of the town, whilst the inhabitants within the admiralty, instead of looking upon the dead-wall at the back of this screen, would derive a cheerful view of the street, and, as it were, be thus liberated from the prison-like appearance of this dull quadrangle.

MR. LOUGH.

To the Editor of The Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—To the Literary Chronicle and the Literary Gazette of the same day, May 12, I owe the first information of the extraordinary Mr. Lough. The next week I went to the lodging of that artist, to view his works, and though I confess that I was much surprised and delighted with the display of his talent, I saw nothing that warranted such extravagant praise as you and the other learned critic so lavishly bestowed upon these performances in clay.

I willingly admit, that you said you spoke upon the report of others. But, I presume, you have since viewed *Milo the Crotonian* with your own eyes. If so, (begging the question,) you may be supposed not to approve—or not so entirely so, as to bear your informants out, for you seem to have dropped the subject, whilst your competitor has bravely stuck to his man.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you peeped at Milo through your crooked telescope, and magnified the works of the said Mr. Lough, in the same ratio with the *doings* of Mr. Horner. We may laugh at the mighty schemes of this great panorama manufactory; but John Bull, greedy as he may be in swallowing such sights, is not always in the temper to be *hoaxed* on serious matters of taste; and this, Mr. Editor, with deference, is a serious business, and, as such, I trust to your candour in giving place to these observations.

That Mr. Lough is a young artist (though not so very young,) of great and promising talent, no man of understanding in art can honestly deny. But, that he is a 'prodigy of talent,'—these are your words, I do deny, and on evidence that shall bear me out.

First, it is admitted, that he has been modelling from his youth upwards to manhood. Without a preceptor, you may say, what then! Many other geniuses in sculpture and other arts have done the same, and with no other means than those within *his* reach. He had perceptions in common with other self-taught artists, and, the same school—nature, was open to him, as to them; and by the way, the pursuit which nature had pointed out to him, above all others, was that by which he might advance himself farthest unaided; for natural good taste, a just eye, and an obedient hand were all that were wanting to make progress as a modeller in clay.

Mark you, Mr. Editor, I do not utter this to lessen the ingenious youth's fair claim to notice, neither to depreciate the merit of the art. On the contrary, I am aware, that to become a distinguished sculptor, requires an extent of genius and science, that yields not to that demanded by the professor of any existing art. My object is merely to note the fact, for the sake of *simple truth*, in contradistinction to the *marvellous*, in which we are all too prone to indulge.

Now for my case. Mr. Lough, I repeat, has only done what many artists have done, who, from such beginnings, have ultimately become eminently great in their respective pursuits, whether as sculptors, architects, painters, poets, or musicians, who have raised themselves lasting monuments to their own native genius.

What Mr. Lough has accomplished, however, I speak of what he has exhibited—his *Milo*, and the group of Sampson and the Philistines, are not the works of an entirely self-taught genius, labouring onward in obscurity, unheeded, because unknown. First, he found in his neighbourhood, much to his own credit, and highly to the honour of certain gentlemen, a purse, to send him to the metropolis to study; an advantage, be it observed, that few *self-taught* youths have had the felicity to experience. His habits, luckily for him, were humble; his industry, to his praise, was constant; and his conduct exemplary. Would that all equally deserving, were alike fortunate.

With these means, and still *not* deserted, Mr. Lough became a student at the national gallery at the British Museum: there he was surrounded by the finest exemplars of his art, and there he made a finished model of the *Discobolus*, from the antique. This obtained him the advantage of a probationary studentship at the Royal Academy, where, by his talent and perseverance, he soon obtained his ticket of admission as a regular student, and, in that national school of art, he has participated in the same advantages which that institution so amply affords to all its disciples.

In the year 1825, whilst studying at the gallery at the British Museum, he composed a clever group of two figures, which group was exhibited in the following year, 1826, at

the Royal Academy. In 1827, by fortuitous circumstances, his abilities are suddenly blazoned forth, and the fortunate youth is viewed as the wonder of the age! Or, rather, if his presiding star be not more constant than that of other minions of the great,—the wonder of the day;—that great, who, too often, alas! excited only by the one thing new, like the spoiled child, rejects all its other favourite play things; and this, again, for that which comes and supersedes the last.

The object of the appeal to the public in behalf of this highly-talented young man, as I have understood, was to procure for him a subscription purse, to enable him to gratify that laudable desire which he expressed, to visit Rome, to complete his studies there. If this object be frustrated in the preposterous overrating of the talent of Mr. Lough—if he be thus persuaded to believe that he has already accomplished what his fond admirers and indiscreet adulators declare, then would I venture to pronounce his progress stayed, and another promising genius will hereafter have to regret, that he had met with no enemies so pernicious to his fame—as those whom he had regarded as his patrons and friends.

This promising artist has made great progress, it is true; but he has yet much to learn. Had the *Milo*, or the group of Sampson, been shown as the work of any of our established masters in sculpture, I know well how different had been the opinion of their merits. But time brings all things to their proper level.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER.

WE have been favoured with a catalogue of the first '*Exhibition of Pictures, by Living British Artists*,' in the gallery of the Royal Manchester Institution, which we have been assured is the best provincial public display of art that has appeared in the kingdom.

To this very laudable institution, his Majesty is patron; and fifty gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood have united as the committee and officers of management for the year; under such auspices, combined with the public spirit of the very populous town and neighbourhood, there is every reason to expect that the society will flourish.

We have repeatedly congratulated the professors of the fine arts, on the fast spreading taste for *virtu*, in every district of our island; and hail the establishment of this provincial exhibition with the greater satisfaction, as it shews, that though the commercial interests of this great manufacturing town have suffered in common with those of other places of late, the mental stamina of its enlightened inhabitants, has experienced no diminution of its wonted vigour.—Indeed, we know not what is more to be deplored, than that the ingenious few who compose the whole body of the artists, in a wealthy empire like this, should ever have to complain of the want of patronage from those circumstances, political or statistical, which operate upon the great bustling mass of society. The little indeed that would suffice the professors of the fine

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arts, if each who had the power possessed also the will to countenance genius, might well be spared, at all times. It should be constantly enforced, indeed, by those who have influence over the public mind, that almost all the manufactures of our country, owe the principal means of their superiority, to the culture of the fine arts, and the consequent wealth of our great capitalists, manufacturers, and merchants, is derived from these improvements in the national taste. The artists then have a claim to their well earned, and very limited portion of the wealth thus created by their ingenious labours.

Apportioning the merits of their claims then, according to this equitable measure, we could not but learn with regret, that the annual exhibitions of works of art, that had been so long instituted at Leeds, should have been discontinued this year, in consequence of the recent reverses in the trading concerns of that very opulent town. The amount of a corporation feast, or half a dozen parish dinners, would have provided funds sufficient for the continuance of this annual intellectual banquet; but, with the trading world, too commonly, a tureen of turtle is a more substantial luxury than the taste of a Titian, or a Tintoret, and a haunch of venison, a much more solid gratification than the sight of Velasquez or a Vandyke.

The pictures exhibiting at this institution, at Manchester, if we mistake not, are all paintings in oil, of which there are one hundred and fifty-seven; to which are added eight subjects in sculpture,—the contributions of seventy-four professors and amateurs, out of which number forty are provincial artists.

We have this moment been informed, that the good people of Leeds have lessened the number of their corporation feasts, in consequence of the pressure of the times; if so, then may Leeds again soon revive in trade, taste, and turtle!

A VISIT TO FLAXMAN.

M. SPONR has recently published an interesting account of a visit he made to our eminent English sculptor Flaxman, in July, 1826, a very short time previous to his death, from which we shall extract a few particulars:—‘Desirous of becoming personally acquainted with Flaxman, I procured a letter of introduction to him, from Professor Schlegel. Accompanied one morning by Mr. W. Young Ottley, I proceeded to the artist’s residence, in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square; we were ushered into a drawing-room, on the ground floor, the walls of which were adorned with some clever oil paintings, by Fuseli and Stothard. After a few minutes, a little elderly lady, Flaxman’s sister, made her appearance, and apologized to us for her brother’s absence. At Mr. Ottley’s request, she then ordered the overseer to conduct us over the work rooms. Passing through a small garden, we entered a rather confined apartment, where we found a colossal marble figure of the Archangel Michael, which was just completed. The statue was eight feet high, and represented a vigorous youth, nearly entirely naked, but without wings, in act of slaying, with his spear, the

fiend who, in the form of a serpent, lay writhing at his feet. The action of Michael was expressive of great energy; the dragon-shaped figure of Satan appeared to me to form too heavy a mass, and, in some degree, to injure the effect of the composition. I could not, however, but admire the execution of the group, which exhibited great truth to nature and extraordinary finish, yet still preserving great nobleness of style. The head of Michael was not quite finished, so that I could not exactly judge of the expression the artist intended to give it. This group was intended for the Duke of Bedford. Near it stood a statue of Kemble, in the character of Cato, dressed in a toga, and holding in his hand a scroll, or volume, of Plato’s dialogue on the immortality of the soul. I was better pleased with a small model, for a statue of the Marquis of Hastings, which displayed more originality, owing probably to the difficulty the artist had to contend with in managing the modern costume; and which possessed something bold and interesting in its character. Besides these three statues, this and the second room, and a tolerably spacious apartment above them, contained a number of sketches and models for monuments executed by Flaxman, and erected in various churches in the metropolis and its environs. In these the artist had introduced Christian symbols, and imparted to the figures a powerful expression of piety, devotion, and elevation and purity of mind. Among those subjects, which were of a purely symbolical nature, I was particularly struck by two small reliefs, representing Innocence and Justice: the former of these was represented as a delicate girl caressing a lamb; the other, as a more matronly female, holding a sword in her hand. They were both in a studying attitude, and exhibited exquisite taste in the drapery, and extraordinary depth of sentiment; they actually seemed to be incorporations of the artist’s conceptions, emanating at once from his mind, and breathed out, as it were, without the slightest labour or effort. The lightly sketched but exquisitely beautiful countenance and graceful attitude of the former, expressed the utmost purity of soul—the sweetest sympathies of humanity, with the serenity of a being more than mortal; while the dignified features of the latter, and her majestic air, indicated most forcibly the power and authority of law. I must confess, that these two figures engaged my attention more than any thing else; and although I could not but admire the exalted and pure sentiment, and the charming simplicity manifested in many other of the artist’s productions, I returned to these again and again, to admire them; for they convinced me beyond all the rest of the real creative genius and extraordinary powers of Flaxman. On my expressing my delight to Mr. Ottley, at beholding such beautiful personifications of abstract ideas, he replied, that Flaxman was a man of most excellent heart, of deep religious feeling, and unimpeachable morals, and that his works reflected the sentiments of his mind.

Reluctant as I was to quit the place, I could not then wait the artist’s return, al-

though I felt more anxious than ever to become personally acquainted with him. A few days after, therefore, I again knocked at his door, and was shown into the drawing-room. After a few minutes, Flaxman made his appearance: he was a very small, thin, and ill-shaped figure, attired in a light summer great-coat of a grey colour. His head had but a few silver hairs, his face was pale and indicative of ill health, and his features were any thing but regular, yet they were stamped with an expression of tranquillity and benevolence, while his large and beautifully formed eyes beamed with spirit and intelligence. Seldom had I before met with such seriousness united with such affability,—never with such engaging manners, accompanied by so unprepossessing an exterior. After expressing his regret at not having been at home when I before called, he insisted upon my accompanying him up stairs, where I found his two sisters at the breakfast table. On my saying that it had long been my wish to know personally the author of the beautiful outlines that I had ever admired from my youth, and which were so highly esteemed in Germany, he replied: ‘These designs are perhaps esteemed beyond their actual worth: they have been imitated, but those who have done so, would have done better in imitating nature.’ I then mentioned Retsch’s outlines to Faust; ‘Yes,’ replied he, I know them well, yet must confess that I prefer the compositions of Cornelius, great nobleness of conception, and greater depth of thought.’ He then put several questions to me respecting our Munich academy, after which he said, ‘As professor of sculpture, I have delivered lectures at the Royal Academy, but have not ventured to publish them, as Reynolds, Opie, and Fuseli. In the history of ancient art I could probably throw light upon many things where Winkelmann has erred. For instance I am of opinion with Visconti that the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles had not the same attitude as the Medicean, but that which we find on Cnidian coins, where the goddess is represented holding her drapery in her left hand, over a vase that stands by her. That a celebrated statue of this kind once existed, I am further convinced, from having seen a figure of excellent workmanship in this very attitude, that was at Rome when I was there, but has since disappeared, nor is it known what has become of it. Even Canova, of whom I made inquiry respecting it, while he was in this country, could give me no information on the subject. I think, too,’ continued he, ‘I have discovered the origin of the colossus of Monte Cavallo*, on a bronze coin of Corinth, representing Bellerophon and Pegasus in exactly the same attitude as the hero and his steed.’ He showed me this coin, and said that it was of the time of Hadrian, and struck by that emperor in honour of his favourite, Antonius; but that this circumstance did not contradict his hypothesis, it being doubtless a copy from an ancient colossal group that existed at Corinth. I now informed him that I was once of opinion that that celebrated group was the work

* The original, from which the bronze figure in Hyde Park is borrowed.

of Phidias, but after having seen it, thought differently, and judged with Wagner, that it was the production of some Roman artist; on which he seemed inclined to assent to the reasons I offered.

'I perceive,' added I, 'that you are still as much attached to ancient art as when you designed your compositions from Homer and Æschylus. I conceived that you must be exclusively attached to the poetry of Greece, and was therefore the more surprized to find with what intense feeling you have treated Christian subjects, and how often they have employed your chisel.'

'It was my object,' returned he very impressively, 'in my lectures at the Academy, to show that the Christian religion is capable of effecting more for art than Paganism could do; for its ideas are more sublime—the best things that antiquity has left us, are to be found in Christian subjects; for instance, the Battle of Giants, which is so powerfully described in the Apocalypse. All that is truly sublime in Grecian sculpture may be referred to the idea of one supreme Being, and of the fall of the human race. Christian subjects admit of as much truth to nature, grace, and corporeal beauty, as those borrowed from heathen mythology; and I venture to assert that the former offer a wider field for the artist than the latter.'

He now produced some pencil sketches of compositions for reliefs, or rather for friezes; and I was absolutely astonished at the richness of fancy, and sublimity of thought they displayed. They combined the simple grandeur of Michael Angelo, with the masterly and tasteful grouping so conspicuous in his outlines from Homer. The subjects were rather symbolical than historical, and those representing the seven works of Mercy, appeared to me to surpass the rest. 'In my opinion,' continued he, resuming this conversation, 'art and science were bestowed upon man, to guard him from the corruption and vice which have polluted the world, both before and since the Christian dispensation; to direct him towards the intellectual enjoyments, and to fit him for a higher distinction.'

'True,' replied I, 'and it is unjust to maintain that the arts flourish most amidst luxury, vanity, and corruption. I grant, that neither the age of Pericles, nor that of the Medici, were distinguished by moral feelings, but the pitch to which the arts then attained, must be referred to causes independent of morals, and which, undoubtedly, tended to give an extraordinary impulse to them.'

'An artist,' said Flaxman, 'ought ever to be inspired by a love of excellence; whatever takes not its origin from this source, is doomed to fall into oblivion, and perish. He who flatters the vices, the corruption, and the frivolity of his contemporaries, will neither be happy himself, nor obtain immortality for his works. But that the golden period of Grecian art was not an age of general corruption, is proved by the sublime ideas of Plato, which were not only expressed in his own writings, but adopted by a great number of his contemporaries.'

MR. WILLIAM BOND has completed two engraved portraits; one, the Honourable Henry Pelham; the other, the Duke of Newcastle, from original pictures, in the possession of his Grace, the present Duke, painted by Mr. Hoare, of Bath. These are half-lengths. Mr. Pelham is represented in the chancellor's robes; the duke in the robes of the garter. We have not seen more exquisitely finished prints, nor do we remember any late productions in this department of art more desirable to the collector of portraits and the general illustrator, as they perpetuate, with the greatest fidelity to the pictures, the resemblance of two illustrious members of the Newcastle family, who made so distinguished a figure in the political history of the reign of George the Second. The engravings have been executed for the present duke. We venture to express a hope, however, that they will not be retained by his grace entirely as private plates; for, at this epoch, so eminent for the delightful pursuits of illustrating the biographical and historical publications of our press, such graphic records would be received as the most valuable addition to the public stock of *virtu*.

As works of art, these portraits are most elaborate specimens of calcography: they are rich and harmonious in effect, and, preserving with the greatest felicity the style of the painter, assimilate entirely with the interesting period to which they belong. It should be added, that the size of the prints is well adapted for the quarto volume.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The season commenced on the 8th inst. with *Paul Pry*; a new piece called *All Right, or the Old Schoolfellow*; and *Tom Thumb*. Mr. Liston having determined to retire for a short period, to enjoy the quiet and pleasures of country life, the character of Paul Pry was undertaken by Mr. Reeve. To follow so popular a performer, in a representation distinguished by more eclat than even he had ever before enjoyed, presented difficulties which those most accustomed to criticism can best imagine, but they have been overcome by Mr. Reeve: with his own view of the inquisitive prying busy-body, though without the significant grimace of Liston, he portrays, by the strong workings of his countenance, and appropriate expressions of surprise and embarrassment, a character free from all charge of imitation. Of *All Right*, it would be quite wrong to say any thing commendable, it can give pleasure only to those who can laugh at the grossest absurdities, and we were surprised that it escaped irredeemable condemnation. M. Laporte's acting is certainly replete with comic humour, but it is impossible that he can be mistaken for an Englishman. It may be generally remarked, that Madame Vestris and Mr. Vining play their old characters with their accustomed ability, and receive the loudest plaudits of the audience. Mrs. Glover, Miss Glover, and Mrs. Humby, are also much esteemed. If Mr. Williams could break himself of his repetitions, frequently approaching to stammering, it would save

him many reproaches; he is, however, a very useful actor, and we were glad to recognize him among those we have been accustomed to see with pleasure, a compliment we cannot extend to several other of the male performers.

Another favourite character of Liston's, Billy Lackaday, in *Sweethearts and Wives*, was admirably played by Reeve, on Tuesday night. Various other popular dramas have been performed successively, which we need not particularize; and, upon the whole, the house has been extremely well attended.

VARIETIES.

A PUZZLE.

FAIR woman was made to bewitch—

A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,

A slave, or a tyrant, a blessing, or curse;

Fair woman was made to be—which? G. D.

The annual dinner of the Literary Fund Society took place at Greenwich, on Wednesday last, and was numerously attended. We have been favoured with a copy of the following glee, written for the occasion, by J. Britton, Esq. and sung, after dinner, with considerable effect:—

Incited by hope and inspired by fame,

Young Genius unfurls every sail,

Braves the tempests of life to acquire a name,

And trusts to a favouring gale.

He scarce clears the land, when a 'pitiless storm'

Wrecks his all—leaves him helpless—distressed,

The angel of mercy extends then her arm,

And dispensing her blessing,—is blessed.

Russian Pocket-Books.—This species of literary productions was adopted by the Russians a few years earlier than by ourselves, and their number have increased with great rapidity. Last winter, no fewer than nine new pocket-books appeared at St. Petersburg, among which the most deserving of notice are the *Pamyatnik Otechestvennikh Mugh*, containing various pieces by the most eminent Russian poets; the *Kalendar Muz*, edited by the celebrated fable writer, Izmailov; the *Severnaya Lira*, or Northern Lyre; the *Newsy Almanack*; *Sirus*; *Nezabudotchka*, or Forget Me Not; and the *Muzikalnoi Albom*, or Musical Album. The latter contains several ballads, songs, &c. set to music by Alyabier, Verstovsky, and other Russian composers.

'Oh twine me a Bower!'—This beautiful and simple ballad was sung by Miss Roche, at the annual Concert of the Melodist's club. It was well suited to her soft and expressive voice. The music has just been published, and we feel bound to compliment the composer Mr. Alexander D. Roche, on the talent he has displayed. Mr. Power, with his usual good taste has given to the musical world, several songs by this young and promising composer. 'Earl March,' the words by Campbell, and the one to which we allude, are in our opinion the best.

'Oh twine me a bower,' is from the pen of T. Crofton Croker, the ingenious author of *Irish Fairy Legends*; there is a great deal of poetic feeling about them, and they are

admirably calculated for music. We are sure our readers will not complain if we subjoin them:—

Oh twine me a bower all of woodbine and roses,
Far, far from the path of your common-place joys;

Where the gem of contentment, in silence reposes,

Unsullied by tears and unshaken by noise;
Yes, there would I dwell,
In my own flowery cell,

Nor the dream of ambition, of honour, or power,
Should tempt me to part from my own happy bower.

True Friendship should light up his torch at my dwelling,

To cheer me when youth and its pleasures are past;

Without friends, where on earth are the joys worth telling,

For friendship through years and through sorrows will last.

Yes, there would I dwell,
In my own flowery cell,

Nor the dream of ambition, of honour, or power,
Should tempt me to part from my own happy bower.

Cherokee Alphabet.—A form of alphabetical writing, invented by a Cherokee, named George Guyst, who does not speak English, and was never taught to read English books, some time since attracted considerable notice. Having some time ago become acquainted with the principle of the alphabet, namely, that marks can be made the symbol of sounds, this uninstructed man conceived the notion, that he could express the syllables in the Cherokee language by separate marks or characters. On collecting all the syllables, which, after long study and trial he could recall to his memory, he found the number to be eighty-two. In order to express these he took the letters, with some characters of his own invention for the rest. With these symbols he set about writing letters, and very soon a correspondence was actually maintained between the Cherokees in Will's valley and their countrymen beyond the Mississippi, five hundred miles apart. This was done by individuals who could not speak English, and who had never learned any alphabet except this syllable one, which Guyst had invented, taught others, and introduced into practice. The interest in this matter increased, till at length, young Cherokees were willing to travel a great distance to be instructed in this easy method of writing and reading. They have but to learn their alphabet and they can read at once. In three days they are able to commence letter-writing, and return home to their native villages prepared to teach others. It is the opinion of some of the missionaries, that if the bible were translated and printed according to the plan here described, hundreds of adult Cherokees, who will never learn English, would be able to read it in a single month. Either Guyst himself, or some other person has discovered four other syllables of the Cherokee language, making, in the whole, eighty-six. This is a very curious fact, especially when it is considered that the language is very copious on some subjects, a single verb undergoing some thousands of inflections.—*New York Observer.*

Mademoiselle Georges has concluded her engagement at the West London Theatre, and her benefit is to take place at the King's Theatre on Thursday next; Voltaire's tragedy of *Semiramis* will be followed by a ballet, in which the best dancers of the opera will take parts. Madlle. Georges is indebted to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire for the favour of this public representation, an honour which no foreign actor has hitherto attained. It is an innovation, but one which cannot fail to meet the approbation of all who are capable of appreciating the great talents of this actress, or who delight in beholding the increase of mutual intercourse between two great nations. French dramatic literature well deserves to be studied among us, and, by favouring French representations, we set a good example, which we doubt not France will imitate. An English theatre is now establishing in Paris, and our actor, T. P. Cooke, has already been duly appreciated there.

Panorama of St. Sebastian and the Bay of Rio Janeiro.—Mr. Burford, in opening another of these beautiful and interesting exhibitions, which have of late become so popular, has provided the lovers of foreign scenery with a very gratifying specimen of his art; for our own parts we are inclined to consider more inland views as better adapted to panoramic exhibition.

Letter from Napoleon to Josephine.—It is now one o'clock in the morning: a letter arrives, it is filled with melancholy forebodings, it contains the death of Chauvet, and overwhelms me with grief and sorrow. He was commissary-in-chief of the army, and you have seen him frequently at the house of Barras. My dear friend, I stand in need of consolation, and it is in writing to you, and to you alone that I feel relief, as you have so powerful an influence over my soul; to you I confide the secrets of my heart, and give vent to my inmost feelings. What is the future? What is the past? What, in short, are we ourselves? What magic fluid surrounds us, and conceals from our view what it most imports us to know?

John Dunn Hunter.—(From a New York Paper.)—The Natchitoches Courier gives an account of the death of this individual, rendered conspicuous as the author of 'Hunter's Narrative,' published a few years ago in England. His book has been the theme of abundant criticism, both in newspapers and periodicals. He has been pronounced an impostor; and the charge appears to have been well supported, although the Natchitoches paper is incredulous on that point. It appears by the account, that Hunter was concerned in, if not the prime mover of, the late unfortunate attempt to revolutionize Texas. After some of the revolutionists had seceded from the attempt, or had been 'seduced from their faith,' and endeavouring in vain to rouse the Indians to join in the revolt, Hunter set out for Nacogdoches to share the fate of his American friends there, accompanied by two Indians. He stopped at a creek to let his horse drink, and while thus unguarded in his security, one of his savage companions shot

him with a rifle. He had, just previously to the revolution, been to the city of Mexico, to procure a grant of lands in Texas. The government promised to comply with his request, but, on his return, the promise was not complied with, which appears to have been the chief cause of the revolt. The editor of the Courier says that Hunter was ignorant that he had been pronounced an impostor.

A living antelope has recently been brought to this country, having four horns. The skull of an animal of this kind, in the museum of the College of Surgeons, was supposed, by our naturalists, to have been a *lusus nature*, but it now appears that it is not very uncommon to meet with this particular class of the animal, in remote parts of Africa, thus superabundantly furnished with horns. Its appearance here, however, has excited great interest among the zoologists, and other inquirers into the operations of animal nature. Mr. Hills, whose exclusive researches into the habits of the deer tribe, is exemplified in his voluminous works of animals, we hear has made an admirable drawing of this curious antelope.

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

OXFORD.

June 6.—Degrees conferred:—*Doctor in Civil Law*: Hon. A. Barrington, fellow of All Souls'. *Bachelor in Divinity*: Rev. G. Cracroft, fellow of Lincoln. *Masters of Arts*: Rev. C. H. Tuckfield, fellow of All Souls'; Rev. J. A. Gabb, of Jesus; Rev. T. Pittman, Wadham; Rev. C. P. Price, scholar of Pembroke; Rev. T. P. Pantin and Rev. A. Templeman, Queens; Rev. T. Lathbury, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. H. C. Knox, Magdalen Hall; Rev. R. Messiter and T. Medland, scholar of Corpus Christi; L. Purbrick of Christ Church; Rev. W. Sergison, of Brazenose; Rev. H. Cockerell, Trinity; Rev. A. Bloxham, scholar of Worcester; T. Maude, University; J. M. Calvert, Oriel; Rev. T. Morgan and H. Griffith, Jesus; G. G. Rekewich, Exeter. *Bachelors of Arts*: F. Calvert, student of Christ Church; M. G. Thoytz, U. T. Price, of Christ Church; C. Holder and H. B. Thorold, Trinity; J. Brown, Exeter; T. Tyers, New College; C. G. Davies, J. Lingard, St. Mary Hall; H. K. Collinson, J. Maudes, Michel scholar, Queen's; S. M. White, Edmund's Hall; J. S. Avery, J. Towlson, Magdalen Hall; J. C. Dowdeswell, Hon. J. C. Talbot, students, F. W. Lewis, E. W. Batchellor, Christ Church; T. Tolming, P. H. Lee, R. B. Hone, Brazenose; G. G. Ruddock, J. Nonaille, Trinity; W. Griffith, Jesus; W. Staunton, E. Steade, C. Fanshawe Demy, Magdalen; A. W. Gothe, St. John's; J. Windus, Exeter.

June 15.—Dr. Ellerton's Theological Prize for this year was adjudged to F. Oakeley, B.A., fellow of Balliol. Subject, What was the object of the reformers in maintaining the following proposition, and by what arguments did they establish it? 'Holy Scripture the only sure foundation of any article of faith.'

June 16.—The prize medal, first given in 1926, by the Right Hon. Mr. Peel for the best Latin essay, by the men from Harrow School, has this year been adjudged to Mr. N. Oxham.

CAMBRIDGE.

June 11.—Degrees conferred:—*Bachelors in Divinity*: Rev. S. Lee, professor of Arabic, of Queen's; Rev. R. Twopeny, fellow of St. John's; Rev. H. J. Rose, Trinity; Rev. H. H. Hughes, fellow of St. John's; Rev. M. Cates, fellow of Emmanuel; Rev. N. J. Temple, fellow of Sidney, Sussex; Rev. R. Waterfield, fellow of Emmanuel; Rev. G. Coventry, Jesus; Rev. M. J. Winyard, Downing. *Master of Arts*: Rev. H. S. Pocklington, Christ College. *Bachelor in Physic*: J. Foster, St. John's. *Bachelors of Arts*: R. Peel and B. Finch, of Trinity.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. J. Russell, D. D., schoolmaster of the Charterhouse, to the place and dignity of a canon or prebendary of Canterbury Cathedral.

The Rev. R. Lucas, M. A. to the rectory of Edith Weston, Rutland.

The Rev. G. W. Brooks, B. A. of Christ Church, Oxford, to be a domestic chaplain to the Duke of Leeds.

The Rev. E. J. Todd, B. A. of Worcester, Oxford, to be a domestic chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
June 15	60	65	58	29.77	Cloudy.
16	58	67	53	.. 76	Cloudy.
17	64	72	58	.. 83	Fair.
18	61	71	53	.. 96	Fair.
19	57	68	53	.. 94	Fair.
20	58	65	48	.. 88	Cloudy.
21	55	64	49	.. 91	Cloudy.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank 'An Amateur' for his very witty criticism; but it is a principle with us, from which we never depart, to avoid filling our pages either with abuse, or criticisms on works which have nothing conspicuous but their faults. In this age of art and literature, we could every week fill a dozen numbers in showing forth our skill on such productions; but the works, from the study of which our readers would find no gratification, are generally unworthy of review.

Several communications have been received, but unsuited to our pages.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION: Elements of Geometry, containing a new and universal Treatise on the Doctrine of Proportion, together with Notes, in which are pointed out and corrected some important errors that have hitherto remained unnoticed in the writings of geometers; also, an Examination of the various Theories of Parallel Lines that have been proposed by Legendre, Bertrand, Ivory, &c.; by Mr. J. R. Young, author of an Elementary Treatise on Algebra.—A New Atlas of India is engraving by order of the Hon. Court of Directors, by Mr. John Walker, from Trigonometrical Surveys made for the purpose, being intended to form a complete Map of the whole of India, on an uniform plan.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: Vittoria Colonna, three vols. 18s.—Wright's Wicklow, Second Edition, 18mo. 7s.—Bowring's Polish Poets, 12mo. 8s.—Clementson's Epistles of Ignatius and Polycarp, 8vo. 5s.—Elliott's Medical Pocket-Book.—Hansard's Debates, Vol. 15th, New Series, £1. 11s. 6d.—Two Years in Ava, 8vo. 16s.—Five Years in Buenos Ayres, 6s.—The Aylmers, three vols. post 8vo. £1. 7s.—Ellmer Castle, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Sea Side, by the Rev. J. East, 8s.—Mere-wether's Case between the Church and Dissenters Considered, 6s.—Scholastic Register, the 1st half-yearly Part, 3s.

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London: printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

No. I. published in April, contains as follows:—I. The Criminal Code.—II. Progress of Jurisprudence in the United States.—III. Office of Coroner.—IV. Consolidation of the Bankrupt Laws.—V. Legislative Measures in India for Restraining the Freedom of the Press.—VI. Law of Evidence.—VII. Proposed Alterations in the Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer.—VIII. Wager of Law.—IX. French Law of Literary Property.—X. Introduction of Trial by Jury among the Natives of Ceylon.—Parliamentary Proceedings; Parliamentary Papers; Proceedings before Magistrates.

This Paper is published early on Saturday, price 8d.; or 1s. post free. Country and Foreign Readers may have the unstamped edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

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CHRISTIAN REVIEW and CLERICAL MAGAZINE.

The Third Number of this Publication will appear June 30th, and among other important matter will contain Reviews of the following Works:—

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